

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1318.—September 4, 1869.

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.
SONG OF THE AGED FISHERMAN.

(From the German of De la Motte Fouque.)

GREAT Sun, thy shining rays o'er Heaven are
breaking

From gloomy night!
The old man, from his dreams awaking,
Beholds the light!

Who promis'd thee, when last thy rays were
gleaming,

Another dawn?
Who said, "The old man, wrapped in silent
dreaming,

Shall wake with morn!"
Night after night, so quietly and slowly,
Both fall asleep;

And lighted still by peace, serene and holy,
They slumber deep.
Thou, glorious Sun! through all the ages shin-
ing,

Each day shall rise;
The old man soon, in narrow bed reclining,
Shalt close his eyes;
In that last sleep, I mean where earthly morrow
Doth come no more,
And ev'ry earthly joy, and care, and sorrow,
For him is o'er.
Thou too shalt reach an utmost bound — receiv-
ing

Thy final doom —
In dark and silent slumber, — never leaving
Thy giant tomb.
But courage still! for *Never*, briefly reigning,
Shall pass away!
And we, from our deep sleep fresh radiance
gaining,

Behold the day!
Bright Sun! I'm weary now, and homeward
wending

I would be fain;
But thou and I, in glory never ending,
Shall meet again!

FENTON CLIFFE.

GAIN.

THE Autumn leaves have reddened i' the sun,
Have dropped — and men have trampled them
while dead
They lay in heaps, wind tost. The year has
fled —

What have I won?

The wintry wind has moaned thro' forests drear,
Tolling a death-knell to some hearts, I ween,
Spoiling with ruthless hand the golden sheen —
What shall I fear?

All this is past. The violet lifts her head
To greet the tender green of Spring-time leaves,
Awakened earth her flow'ry garland weaves —
What is my need?

Did the red Autumn bring but withered leaves?
Hath the cold Winter frozen all the heart?
Will not the Spring-time bear its glorious part?
Who is't that grieves?

Ay, if the winter wind has sought to chill,
The Autumn leaves and Spring-time flowers
have met —

What tho' the summer be not perfect yet —
I have my will.

Victoria Magazine. ALICE B. LE GEY.

(THE IRISH CHURCH) VENUS ATTIRED BY THE (CHRISTIAN) GRACES.

"*Simplex munditiis*," not "*naturalibus*;"
Neat, but not naked, our mistress must be:
Shall Babylon's trull go in "*pontificalibus*,"
And our Anglican maiden stripped stark
shall we see?

No; the garments that GLADSTONE, with hand
sacrilegious,

From her poor shiv'ring body relentlessly
tore,
We'll not only give back, but her beauties egre-
gious,
We'll cover with vestments more rich than
before.

As Heathendom's Graces to fair Aphrodite
Gave the cestus and veil that her witch'ry
enhanced,

Till those whom nude charms, though of magic
so mighty,

Were powerless to sway, her draped beauties
entranced, —

So we, Christian Graces, fair Faith, florid Hope,
And Charity — thinking and speaking no ill —
Our Irish Church Venus, in spite of the Pope,
To bedeck, will employ all our strength and
our skill.

Till they who no comeliness saw to desire her,
In these limbs, bare of purple, fine linen, and
gold,

Shall bow down their hearts when we gloriously
'tire her

In the metal for which creed and conscience
are sold.

Not a garment she wore, when established afore-
time,

But, if single-pile then, henceforth three-pile
shall be;

And our ill-treated mistress shall rise, from this
sore time,

Rich in all Christian Graces' best grace —
£ s. d. PUNCH.

AND SEVERAL OF THEM.—At the last State
Concert was performed "Heaven preserve the
Emperor with *Variations*." Would not this
do for the French National Anthem? PUNCH.

From The Edinburgh Review.
FORSTER'S LIFE OF LANDOR.*

THERE were few visitors to Florence between the years 1829 and 1835 whose attention had not in some way been directed to an elderly English gentleman, residing with his family in a commodious villa on the pleasant slope of those Fiesolan hills, full of the scenes and memories of Boccaccio — with the cottage of Dante, the birth-place of Michael Angelo, and the home of Machiavelli in sight, and overlooking the Valdarno and Vallombrosa which Milton saw and sang. He had lived previously for six years in the city, at the Palazzo Medici, and for a short time in another campagna, but had few acquaintances among his countrymen except artists, and scarcely any among the natives except picture-dealers. He had a stately and agreeable presence, and the men of letters from different countries who brought introductions to him spoke of his affectionate reception, of his complimentary old-world manners, and of his elegant though simple hospitality. But it was his conversation that left on them the most delightful and permanent impression; so affluent, animated, and coloured, so rich in knowledge and illustration, so gay and yet so weighty — such bitter irony and such lofty praise, uttered with a voice fibrous in all its tones, whether gentle or fierce — it equalled, if not surpassed, all that has been related of the table-talk of men eminent for social speech. It proceeded from a mind so glad of its own exercise, and so joyous in its own humour, that in its most extravagant notions and most exaggerated attitudes it made argument difficult and criticism superfluous. And when memory and fancy were alike exhausted, there came a laughter so pantomimic yet so genial, rising out of a momentary silence into peals so cumulative and sonorous, that all contradiction and possible affront were merged for ever.

This was the author of the "Imaginary Conversations," who was esteemed by many high authorities in our own and classical literature to be the greatest living master of the Latin and English tongues. But it was not the speaker, real or fictitious, or

the writer, less or more meritorious, who had made so wide a repute in that flowery town, not yet conscious of the burdens and honours of patriotism, but sufficiently happy in its beauty and its insignificance. His notoriety referred to a supposed eccentricity of conduct and violence of demeanour that exceeded the license which our countrymen, by no means original at home, are believed to claim and require when travelling or resident abroad. The strange notions and peculiar form of these ebullitions had woven themselves into a sort of a legend. It was generally accepted that he had been sent away from school after thrashing the Head-master, who had ventured to differ from him as to the quality of a syllable in a Latin verse; that he had been expelled from the University after shooting at a Fellow of a College, who took the liberty of closing a window to exclude the noise of his wine-party; that he had been outlawed from England for felling to the ground a barrister who had had the audacity to subject him to a cross-examination. His career on the Continent bore an epical completeness. The poet Monti having written a sonnet adulatory of Napoleon and offensive to England, Mr. Landor replied in such outspoken Latinity that he was summoned by the authorities of Como to answer to the charge of libel; he proceeded to threaten the *Regio Delegato* with a *bella bastonata*, and avoided being conducted by force to Milan by a voluntary retirement to Genoa, launching a Parthian epigram at Count Strasoldo, the Austrian Governor, still more opprobrious than the former verse. At Florence he had been frequently on the point of expulsion, and could expect little protection from the English Embassy, having challenged the Secretary of the Legation for whistling in the street when Mrs. Landor passed, and having complained to the Foreign Office of "the wretches it employed abroad." Once he was positively banished and sent to Lucca, the Legend ran, for walking up to a Court of Justice, where the judges were hearing a complaint he had made against an Italian servant, with a bag of dollars in his hand, and asking how much was necessary to secure a favourable verdict, "not for his own sake, but for the protection of

* *Walter Savage Landor. A Biography.* By JOHN FORSTER. 2 vols. London: 1869.

his countrymen in the city." Either in deprecation of his sentence, or in the consolation of the thought that he only shared the fate of the great poet and exile of Florence, he wrote —

"Oro

Ne, Florentia, me voces poetam :
Nam collem peragraræ Fæsulæ,
Jucundum est mihi — nec lubenter hortos
Fontesque, aut nemorum algidos recessus,
Primo invisere mane vesperique
Exul desinerem : exultatque quisquis,
O Florentia ! dixeris poetam."

At the time, however, to which we have alluded, he was living in more than ordinary tranquillity, and having vented his rage against all kings and constituted authorities in his writings, he submitted with common decorum to the ordinances of government and society. But the demon of discord was too strong within him, and ere a few years had lapsed, he was once more in England, but more than ever an exile, having left behind the home of his choice, the young family of his caresses, the pictures he had domesticated, the nature that had grown a familiar friend. And by a strange relentlessness of destiny, he was at last driven forth once more, back to a home that had become homeless, to an alienated household, to a land that had for him no longer any flowers but to grow over his grave.

In these interesting volumes Mr. Forster has added to the tragic biographies of men of genius — of Otway and of Savage, of Byron and of Keats. He has performed a task, which his reverent friendship of many years made most difficult and delicate, with dignity and affection. Nothing is concealed that is worth revealing, nothing is lauded which is unjust, and nothing is left unreprieved and unregretted which is wrong in moral conception or unbecoming in the action of life. In this conduct of his subject he has followed the dictates of the highest prudence; he has shown that if the temperament of his friend made him most troublesome to the societies in which he lived, made his acquaintance uneasy and his friendship perilous, it was he himself who was the foremost sufferer; that neither honourable birth, nor independent fortune, nor sturdy health, nor a marriage of free

choice, nor a goodly family, nor rare talents, nor fine tastes, nor appropriate culture, nor sufficient fame, could ensure him a life of even moderate happiness, while the events of the day depended on the wild instincts of the moment, while the undisciplined and thoughtless will overruled all capacity of reflection and all suggestions of experience. Not but that many wilful and impatient men enjoy their domestic tyranny, and make a good figure in public life, and possibly owe much of their pleasure and success to the very annoyance they inflict.

"I should have been nowhere without my temper," said an uncomfortable politician of the last generation, and those who knew him best agreed with him. But in Landor's idiosyncrasy there were two men, conscious of each other's acts and feelings. By the side, or rather above the impulsive, reckless creature, there was the critical, humorous nature, aware of its own defect as any enemy could be, ever strong enough to show and probe the wound, but impotent to heal it, and pathetically striving to remedy, through the judgments of the intellect, the faults and the miseries of the living actor. Thus nowhere in the range of the English language are the glory and happiness of moderation of mind more nobly preached and powerfully illustrated than in the writings of this most intemperate man; nowhere is the sacredness of the placid life more hallowed and honoured than in the utterances of this tossed and troubled spirit; nowhere are heroism and self-sacrifice and forgiveness more eloquently adored than by this intense and fierce individuality, which seemed unable to forget for an instant its own claims, its own wrongs, its own fancied superiority over all its fellow-men.

Though Mr. Forster's personal intimacy with Mr. Landor was limited to his mature and later life, the details of earlier years, supplied to him by Mr. Robert Landor — the last of the brothers — the author of the "Fountain of Arethusa" and the "Fawn of Sertorius," who has just passed away — and the abundant collection of letters from distinguished men which has fallen into his hands in his capacity of literary executor, have supplied him with a mass of material from which it has clearly been no easy labour to select what is most interesting

and characteristic. Like all self-absorbed men, Landor had no repugnance to repetition of matter in which he himself was interested, and the same thought and mode of expression serve for many uses. There is, besides, a certain monotony in the very entirety of the character, the same susceptibility of offence, the same exaggeration of trivial circumstance, the same inability to understand and appreciate other men, which requires all the management of a skilful and practised biographer not to become tiresome to the reader who approaches the subject with no previous interest or favourable inclination. Mr. Forster found not here the genial varieties, the sweet and generous humours, of dear old "Goldy," which he has embodied in an English classic, and the audience of the "Imaginary Conversations" will never be that which, all the world over, listens to the exhortations of Dr. Primrose in prison, or the story of the Irish Village Deserter long before the days of famine or emigration. In a certain sense, the enjoyment of this biography will belong to a scholarly circle, to men who value culture for its own sake, who care for the appropriate quotation and love the ring of the epigram, who take a pleasure in style analogous to that derived from a musical perception, to whom beautiful thoughts come with tenfold meaning when beautifully said; a class visibly narrowing about us, but to whom, nevertheless, this country has owed a large amount of rational happiness, and whom the aspirants after a more rugged and sincere intellectual life may themselves not be the last to regret.

Landor was proud of a good descent: he wrote, and would often say, "To be well-born is the greatest of all God's primary blessings, and there are many well-born among the poor and needy." He was of an old Staffordshire race, said to be originally "De la Laundes," united, in the person of his mother, with that of the Savages of Warwickshire, from whom he inherited the estate of Ipsley Court and Tachbrooke (the *Tacæa*, "brightest-eyed of Avon's train," of his tender farewell song); while a smaller property in Buckinghamshire, now in the possession of the first professed man of letters who has risen to be Prime Minister of this country, passed to younger

children. The boy went to Rugby School at the usual age; and there began that magnetic attraction to classical literature which grew till he was incorporated with it as his mental self. The Head-master — repelled or troubled by his peculiar nature, so self-contained at that early age that he never would compete with anyone for anything, but stood upon the work's worth, whatever it might be, with so nice sense of justice, that he paid his sag for all service that he rendered him — took neither sufficient pride nor interest to conciliate the better or subdue the worse within him. Thus after some years they quarrelled — truly, and according to the legend, about the quantity of a syllable, in which Landor was right; not, however, coming to blows, but to words that made reconciliation impossible. Might not a more appreciative and affectionate supervision have done something to arrest the first growths of this untoward temper, and have better accommodated it to the exigencies of coming life? Surely some such notion must have come across Landor's mind when, long after, he "happened to think on poor James," and wrote, "before I went to sleep" —

"hostis olim tu mihi tibi que ego,
Qui meque teque jam videntes crederent?
Ah! cur reductis abnuebas naribus
Spectans refrigeransque lævo lumine,
Cui primum amicus ingenuusque omnis puer
Et cui secundum esse ipse æmulus daret locum?
Sed hanc habebis, hanc habebo, gratiam,
Quum carmine istorum excidas, vives meo."

Nor again at Oxford, where he entered Trinity College at eighteen years of age, in the memorable year of 1793, did he find any head or heart strong enough to guide him. He wrote better Latin verses than any undergraduate or graduate in the University; but no one cared for, or indeed saw, them except a Rugby schoolmate Walter Birch, a cultivated Tory parson, who remained his friend through life, and Cary, the future translator of Dante. Outside of Oxford he had already made the acquaintance, at Warwick, of a great scholar, who seems to us to have had more influence over his life and character, and not wholly in a favourable sense, than any other man — Dr. Parr. In the two men there was a

close similarity not only of taste, but of disposition; it was certainly happy for the confirmation of Landor in his peculiar work as a representative of English scholarship, that he found in Parr a congenial intelligence of the highest order of accomplishment; but it was not equally well for him to have continually before him, in the person he most venerated, an example of a temperament almost as wilful and as insolent as his own. Taking from Dr. Johnson the tradition of evincing independence of thought by roughness of manner, and of masking a kindly temperament under a rude and sometimes malicious exterior, Dr. Parr encouraged and vindicated the peculiarities of his younger disciple. The fierce pleasantry which made Parr flog the boys the oftener he liked the best and from whom he expected the most, had no analogy in Landor's disposition, which had an instinctive horror of cruelty of all kinds; and it is curious to find him sending from Oxford to the sanguinary schoolmaster a small disquisition on the doctrine of the Metempsychosis, which he conceived Pythagoras to have invented to induce savage natures to be humane even to birds and insects for their own sakes, inasmuch as their turn might come when they assumed similar forms of life. This paper contained besides some other matter, which he conceived Coleridge to have appropriated, and to which he, many years afterwards, grandly alluded to as "estrays and waifs not worth claiming by the Lord of the Manor. Coleridge and Wordsworth are heartily welcome to a day's sport over any of my woodlands and heaths. I have no preserves."

In the youthful sports of either place he took no interest. At Rugby, fishing had pleased him by its solitude, and he would say he remembered liking sculling on the Isis, mainly because he could not swim, which gave an excitement to the exercise. He soon earned the then abhorred reputation of a Jacobin. The assumed ferocity which made him in latter life describe Robespierre as "having some sins of commission to answer for—more of omission," had a more practical meaning at the time when the approval of the French republic was a contemporaneous opinion, manifesting itself in such patent acts as wearing his hair unpowdered and queue tied with black ribbon—enormities only exceeded by that of a student at Balliol, who had gone into Hall in flowing locks, of the name of Robert Southey. Strange that these partners in rebellion, destined to the closest and longest of friendships, there never met—Southey afterwards writing that "he would

have sought his acquaintance from his Jacobinism, but was repelled by his eccentricity."

As to his departure from Oxford, the legend is only so far wrong, that he shot at a closed shutter of a Fellow's room, not at the Fellow—that he was rusticated not expelled; that his tutor, "dear good Bennett" cried at the sentence; and that the president invited him to return in the name of all the Fellows except one, who afterwards, Landor wrote to Southey, "proved for the first time his honesty and justice by hanging himself." The acceptance of this proposal was not likely to be entertained; and now the grave question arose, to what profession was this singular youth to attach himself? In later years Landor used to relate that he had been offered a commission in the army on the preposterous terms that he should keep his opinions to himself, which he naturally declined; that then his father proposed to give him four hundred a-year if he would read for the bar, but he expressed his horror of law and lawyers so plainly that that transaction was soon at an end. It does not appear, however, that any of these alternatives were seriously offered or refused. It was too evident that young Landor, the heir to a considerable entailed estate, was not likely to settle down to any fixed course of professional life. Mr. Forster seems to regret that the boy had not been brought up with some such definite intention; but it appears to us very doubtful whether any such discipline would not have done more harm than good. It is difficult to imagine him successful in any career but that which he voluntarily adopted. With his contempt for the ordinary operations of society; with his candour in hatred of all that differed from him; with his reversed Utopia of an extinct world, where Philosophers and Poets were, and where Kings and Parliaments were not, and with his pride that no success could satisfy, how could he have ever become the fair competitor or just antagonist of other men? Assuredly, even for his moral being, he found the best place in the open field of Literature, where, though he was fond of saying "that the only use of study was the prevention of idleness, otherwise the learning other people's opinions only corrupts your own," he nevertheless developed a considerable amount of intellectual sympathy, and formed solid attachments which clung to him through the troubles and accidents of his wayward life.

The continuous and lonely study of the three years which, with an occasional visit to Warwick, he spent at Tenby and Swan-

sea, formed his literary character. Years afterwards he used to dream with delight of the sandy shore of Southern Wales, with its dells and dingles covered with moss-roses and golden snap-dragons. The small allowance he received from his family was fully sufficient for the simplicity and thrift of that almost pastoral mode of existence; and he often expressed his gratitude to the vigilant wreckers of the West, who kept him supplied with excellent claret from the unfortunate French merchantmen that ran upon the shore. There he matured his previous knowledge by a complete review of the relics of the old Roman world, and added to his familiarity with Greek, of which, however, he never attained an entire mastery. There, too, he modified, by application to the elder English classics, the admiration which he had hitherto, by a congeniality of taste, exclusively lavished on the writers of the age of Anne. "My prejudices in favour of ancient literature," he writes, "began to wear away on 'Paradise Lost,' and even the great hexameter sounded to me tinkling, when I had recited aloud, in my solitary walks on the seashore, the haughty appeal of Satan and the repentance of Eve." Mr. Forster has unburied "A Moral Epistle to Earl Stanhope," of which we regret that he has only given some effective fragments. These and earlier poems of Landor have a premature completeness, which rather assimilates them to the "Windsor Forest" of Pope than to the fluent puerilities of Byron or Shelley. They are quite good as far as they go. In his satire he does not always adhere to that graceful definition of his later days, that "the smile is habitual to her countenance; she has little to do with Philosophy, less with Rhetoric, and nothing with the Furies:" but his political censorship is mild for those times of licentious speech and despotic repression. His allusions to the humour of Sophocles singularly anticipate the acute Essay of the present Bishop of St. David's on the irony of that dramatist in the Museum Philologicum, and, in his application of the lines—

ὅδ' ἐστὶν ἡμῶν ναυκράτωρ ὁ παῖς, δὲ' ἂν
οὗτος λέγῃ σοι, ταῦτά σοι χημεῖς φαμέν—

to the Boy-pilot "who weathered the storm," he almost prefigures the national song. He ends the dedication to the Radical peer by lamenting "that Fortune should have placed on his brow the tinsel coronet instead of the civic wreath:—for himself, she had nothing to give, because there was nothing he would ask: he would rather have an executioner than a patron."

After the production of much social verse of remarkable concinnity, he now for the first time set himself to write a serious and sustained poem, and in 1798 published "Gebir," or "Gebirus"—we use the words indifferently, for so was the work composed, in English or in Latin as the fancy swayed him; and we do not know which was finished first, though the Latin was given to the public later. The design of the story is hardly worth inquiring into, for story there is none; it is a series of romantic pictures, wonderful in expression, and many of them beautiful in design. We will not repeat, out of respect to Landor's ghost, the passage of the echoing seashell, the prominence of which in popular remembrance always seemed to him a sort of intimation of the oblivion of the rest of the poem; but we would willingly, if we had space, recall to the present generation, forgetful of their great predecessors, such a sweep of heroic verse as the sixth book, the aerial nuptial voyage of the morning,—

"pointed out by Fate

When an immortal maid and mortal man
Should share each other's nature, knit in bliss."

But there was nothing in the work that could hope to catch the popular ear. Even to the lovers of the supernatural eld the poem had little but poetic attractions, and these require the corresponding magnet. It had not the divine serenity of Wordsworth's "Laodamia," nor the majestic wail of Swinburne's "Atalanta." In the preface, indeed, the author earnestly deprecated any vulgar favour. "If there are now in England ten men of taste and genius who will applaud my poem, I declare myself fully content. I will call for a division. I shall count a majority." The city was saved—the ten just men were found. "Gebir" was sent to Dr. Parr with a characteristic letter, suggesting that, while Parr was examining his verse, the "writer would feel much like Polydorus, whose tomb, once turfed and spruce and flourishing, was placed for a sacrifice to Æneas." This note the dogmatic Doctor superscribed, "A most ingenious man," and wrote later on the title-page of Gebirus, "The work of a scholar and a poet." Southey wrote to Cottle, "There is a poem called 'Gebir,' of which I know not whether my review of it in the 'Critical' be yet printed; but in that review you will find some of the most exquisite poetry in the language. I would go a hundred miles to see the (anonymous) author." Again to Coleridge, on starting for Lisbon: "I take with me for the voyage your poems—the 'Lyrics,' the 'Lyrical

Ballads,' and 'Gebir.' These make all my library. I like 'Gebir' more and more." And once more to Davy, "The lucid passages of 'Gebir' are all palpable to the eye, they are the master-touches of a painter. There is power in them and passion and thought and knowledge." Coleridge seems to have been attracted at first, but became annoyed at what he considered his friend's over-praise. Though with this and other such select approbation Landor professed himself fully satisfied, the inevitable yearning of a poet, however self-contented, for a larger sympathy was clearly strong within him. Some time after he alluded to the possibility of his having been a successful writer in early life, and to the colour that such a contingency might have given to his whole existence, and gently confesses that there is "a pleasure in the hum of summer insects."

In answer to a somewhat contemptuous article in the "Monthly Review," he planned a prose postscript to "Gebir," which, somehow or other, was suppressed — as strong as a piece of scornful and witty writing he ever uttered, to judge from the extracts Mr. Forster gives us. In this Essay he remarks on the decline of the interest in poetry in English society since the days when even such poets as Parnell and Mallet were carefully read, and when Johnson thought worthy of special intellectual biography versifiers unworthy the corner of a provincial newspaper. Surely this criterion will hardly seem just to those who recall (as we indeed do with wonder and envy) the culture and enjoyment of poetry in the upper classes manifested in the early years of this century, when the clubs resounded with "Marmion," and Rogers rose to fashion on the "Pleasures of Memory." The very acrimony with which the novel simplicity of Wordsworth and the dim idealism of Coleridge were then received was rather the antagonism of a rival school than a proof of any neglect of the Art. There is the same interpretation to be given to the succeeding reputations of Shelley and Keats as contrasted with those of Byron, Scott, Crabbe, and Moore. The best poetry certainly was only welcomed by a "little clan," and, for awhile, unheard,

"Save of the quiet primrose and the span
Of Heaven and few ears;"

but that, too, made its way in due time, while the verse that appealed to a wider range of sympathy and passions was the daily sustenance and delight even of that portion of good society which did not lay claim to any especial intellectual distinction.

In our day, by a strange diversion, these tastes, like the concurrent interests of pictorial Art, find their recipients, not in the leisurely class which has been specially educated in their cultivation, but in the busy builders of the mercantile and commercial wealth of the country and their own.

"Gebir" was followed by other small volumes of English and Latin verse, and separate pieces printed in the quarto fashion of the day. But we soon meet Landor in a very novel and uncongenial character — as a contributor to the public press. The main instigator to this employment of his talents was, no doubt, his friend Parr, and the intermediary agent, a stirring politician of the time, whom this generation yet remembers as a pleasant Whig veteran — Sir Robert Adair. Landor and Adair meeting at Debrett's in Piccadilly, and going down to the House of Commons — "the most costly exhibition in Europe," as the young poet stigmatized it — and the former having access to the reporters' gallery to prepare himself for the "Courier," are as anomalous positions as can well be imagined. The tone in which he meets his new clients is about as conciliatory as that in which he confronted his literary compeers.

"I never court the vulgar," he writes to Parr; "and how immense a majority of every rank and description this happy word comprises! Perhaps about thirty in the universe may be excepted, and never more at a time. But I know how to value the commendation you bestow on me; for though I have not deserved it, nor so largely, yet it will make me attempt to conquer my idleness, my disgust, and to reach it sometime or other. You will find that I have taken courage to follow the path you pointed out, in pursuing the execrable (Pitt). I subjoin my letter. At present I have not sent it to the printer, though it has been finished a fortnight. The reason is this: I wrote one a thousand times better than the present, in which I aimed my whole force at a worse man than P. — there are only two — and it was not W. (Wyndham), and I sent it for insertion to the 'Courier.' Now, such is my indifference, that when once I have written anything, I never inquire for it afterwards; and this was the case in respect to my letter. I have not seen the 'Courier' since, but I have some suspicion that it was not inserted."

Nor was he in better accord with the traditions and the men of his party. By an especial crotchet he had in "Gebir" made a monster of the Whig idol of 1688: —

"What tyrant with more insolence e'er claimed
Dominion? when from th' heart of Usury
Rose more intense the pale-flamed thirst for
gold?"

And called forsooth *Deliverer!* False or fools
Who praised the dull-eared miscreant, or who
hoped

To soothe your folly and disgrace with praise;—”

and the great Liberal leader of his own time fell so short of his ideal that he could not heartily make a hero of him, and nothing less satisfied him or checked the asperities of his criticism. To his rival, indeed, he bore an absolute abhorrence, which he retained to his last days, without any limit or concession. When asked as to Mr. Pitt's oratory, he would say, "It was a wonderful thing to hear, but I have seen others more wonderful—a fire-eater and a man who eats live rats." Of his neglect of wealth, "Few people have sixty millions a year to spend: he spent on himself just what he chose, and gave away what he chose." Pitt's negotiations with the Irish for Emancipation he assumed to be a diabolical treachery, the Minister being assured of the Sovereign's determination not to give way. The French war he describes as "a plot to make England a waste, to drive the gentry by war-taxes to taverns, and hells, and clubs, and transfer their wealth and position to the mercantile interest." After Mr. Fox's death, indeed, he was inclined to a milder judgment of the Whig chief, and a Commentary on Trotter's "Memoirs" (printed in 1812) contains perhaps more fair and moderate political and literary judgments, delivered in his own humour, than any work of his earlier or maturer years. There seems no sufficient reason, even in those susceptible days, why this Essay should have been suppressed; and it should be reprinted in any new edition of his collected works. It contains many vigorous passages applicable to the contests and difficulties of our own day. In vindicating a juster government of Ireland, irrespective of its religion, he inquires indignantly, and with an amusing reference to India, "of what consequence is it to us if the Irish choose to worship a cow or a potato?" And adverting to Emancipation, "If all the members returned were Catholics, still what harm could they do?" In the dedication to Washington there is a passage that might be addressed to President Grant:—

"Your importance, your influence, and, I believe, your wishes, rest entirely on the comforts and happiness of your people. A declaration of hostilities against Great Britain would much and grievously diminish them, however popular it might be in the commencement, however glorious it might be in the result. My apprehension lest this popularity should in any degree sway your mind is the sole cause by which I am

determined in submitting to you these considerations. Popularity in a free state like yours, where places are not exposed to traffic, nor dignities to accident, is a legitimate and noble desire; and the prospects of territory are to nations growing rich and powerful what the hopes of progeny are to individuals of rank and station. A war between America and England would at all times be a civil war. Our origin, our language, our interests are the same. Would it not be deplorable—would it not be intolerable to reason and humanity—that the language of a Locke and a Milton should convey and retort the sentiments of a Bonaparte and a Robespierre?"

So say we to-day; though the thought has sometimes come across public men whether our relations with the United States would not be more stable and more happy if we did not speak the same language, if we did not understand and attend to every thing disagreeable and untoward that is said or written on either side, if we had not all the accompaniments and conditions of family-ties, in the sense in which Mr. Rogers answered some one who spoke of a distinguished literary fraternity as being "like brothers," "I had heard they were not well together, but did not know it was so bad as that."

With all his harsh and rash condemnations Landor had a constant tenderness for amiable people. He often repeated, "No man is thoroughly bad unless he is unkind." Thus side by side with such assaults on Mr. Fox as, "To the principles of a Frenchman he added the habits of a Malay, in idleness, drunkenness, and gaming; in middle life he was precisely the opposite of whoever was in power, until he could spring forward to the same station. Whenever Mr. Pitt was wrong, Mr. Fox was right, and then only"—stand such sentences as, "Mr. Fox in private life was a most sincere and amiable man; if he suppressed in society a part of his indignant feelings, as a man so well-bred would do, he never affected a tone of cordiality towards those whom he reprobated or despised." Again in a letter to the "Examiner" in 1850, he writes of him "He had more and warmer friends than any statesman on record; he was ingenuous, liberal, learned, philosophical; he was the delight of social life, the ornament of domestic."

In the "Epitaphium C. Foxii" this double feeling has its best expression:—

"Torrens eloquio inque præpotentes
Iracundus et acer, et fervido
Vultu vinculaque et cruces minatus,
Placandus tamen ut castellus eger
Qui morsu digitum petit protervum

Et lambit decies : tuis amicis
Tantum carior in dies et horas
Quantum deciperes magis magisque :
O Foxi lepidè, o misellè Foxi,
Ut totus penitusque deperisti!
Tu nec fallere nec potes jocari,
Tu nec ludere, mane vespere;
Quà nemo cubitum quatit, quiescis,
Justa est alea : conticet fritillus.”

We will conclude our extracts from the “Commentary” with a passage in which the transition from irony to solemnity is remarkably effective:—

“I have nothing to say on any man’s religion; and indeed, where a man is malignant in his words or actions his creed is unimportant to others and unavailing to himself. But I grieve whenever a kind heart loses any portion of its comforts; and Dr. Parr, I am certain, felt the deepest sorrow that Mr. Fox wanted any that Christianity could give. Whether in the Established Church the last consolations of religion are quite so impressive and efficacious: whether they always are administered with the same earnestness and tenderness as the parent Church administers them, is a question which I should deem it irreverent to discuss. Certainly he is happiest in his death, whose fortitude is most confiding and most peaceful: whose composure rests not merely on the suppression of doubts and fears: whose pillow is raised up, whose bosom is lightened, whose mortality is loosened from him, by an assemblage of all consolatory hopes, indescribable indistinguishable, indefinite, yet surer than ever were the senses.”

It is agreeable to turn to the rare gleams of satisfaction and approbation in Landor’s political controversy. Of Lord Rockingham he was wont to speak with invariable respect; but it is to the memory of Sir Samuel Romilly that he preserved the most reverent affection; he made him the interlocutor in two admirable dialogues, and wrote of him in one mention out of many:—

“He went into public life with temperate and healthy aspirations; Providence having blessed him with domestic peace, withheld him from political animosities. He knew that the soundest fruits grew nearest the ground, and he waited for the higher to fall into his bosom, without an effort or a wish to seize on them. No man whose ever in our parliamentary history has united, in more perfect accordance and constancy, pure virtue and lofty wisdom.”

He loved to compare Romilly with Phocion, and composed a pathetic inscription, which we should be glad to think had been placed upon his tomb.

One injustice, now remedied in the person of his distinguished son, is pleasantly recorded:—

“No one ever thought of raising Romilly to the peerage, although never was a gentleman of his profession respected more highly or more universally. . . . The reason could not be that already too many of it had entered the House of Lords; since every wind of every day had blown belying silk-gowns to that quarter, and under the highest walls of Westminster was moored a long galley of lawyers, chained by the leg to their administrations; some designated by the names of fishing-towns and bathing-machines they had never entered, and others of hamlets and farms they had recently invaded.”

In these notices we have somewhat anticipated the course of Landor’s life. On the death of his father in 1805 he came into a good property, and took up his residence at Bath, where he lived somewhat ostentatiously and beyond his means, moving a good deal in society, but singularly annoyed by the inferiority of his dancing. He told his son “he had lost more pleasure by being a bad dancer than anything else;” and it is intelligible that any grace which he could not realize must have been a trouble to him. But this conventional existence was interrupted by a resolve to join the British army in Spain in 1808. Not only had he partaken of the passionate delight of Wordsworth and Coleridge and Southey in those days when—

“Bliss was it in the dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven,”

but his hopes had a centre in the young hero in whom he saw the embodied Revolution. In “Gebir” he had represented him as θεότροκος,

“A mortal man above all mortal praise;”

and when, instead of the liberator of the world, the restorer of order developed himself in all the unscrupulous ambition of which the history of M. Lanfrey has given the best and most recent portraiture, the revulsion of feeling in Landor’s mind was as absolute as might be expected. He soon came to believe, as Mr. Forster expresses it, that Bonaparte “had the fewest virtues and the faintest semblances of them of any man that had risen by his own efforts to supreme power;” and, though he continually rejoiced in his work of destruction of the old Governments, yet he never lost sight of the moral obliquity of the agent. That supernatural intellectual activity, that multitudinousness of ideas, which the publication of his “Correspondence” has revealed, was then so little appreciated even by his adulators, that it is no discredit to Landor to have underrated his faculties; and his indiscriminate hatred of the French nation, which had “spoiled everything it

had touched, even liberty," and "where everything was ugly, even the dogs and the sky," was too happy to find in the supreme head its apogee and its vindication. There was no personal atrocity, indeed, of which he did not think him capable; he had no doubt of the murder of Captain Wright in the prisons of Paris, nor of that of Colonel Bathurst in the fortress of Magdeburg.* But his anxiety to see the man, and still more the "spolia opima" of Art in Paris, took him to Paris in 1802. Mr. Forster's accounts of the occasions on which he saw the First Consul are hard to reconcile with an incident he frequently related, that "he met Bonaparte walking in the Tuileries garden, and that the fellow looked at him so insolently that, if he had not had a lady on his arm, he would have knocked him down." This may well have been a romance of memory, for he persuaded himself that he had seen the fugitive Emperor at Tours in 1815 in the person of a wearied horseman dismounting in the court-yard of the préfet's house, the door of which was suddenly closed on him, the day he was supposed to have traversed that city. Thus, when the invasion of Spain had provoked the English intervention which resulted in the fall of the conqueror, less enthusiastic natures than Landor's were excited to share its perils and its glories. When Mr. Graham led forth his clansmen from Scotland and Sir Watkin Wynn his tenants from Wales, there was nothing surprising in a poet and political writer with an independent fortune joining the British forces as a volunteer. At first all went well; he presented 10,000 reals to the burnt and pillaged town of Venturada, and set about enrolling a troop of a thousand Spaniards to join the army of General Blake. For this he received from the Central Junta the honorary rank of Colonel; but Landor's temperament was not likely to be proof against the contingencies of any disciplined service. The English Envoy, Sir Charles Stuart, said something affronting about somebody which Landor interpreted against himself, and wrote a furious letter and printed it in both languages before any reply was possible. Then came the Convention of Cintra, one of those political compromises which imaginative men were sure to abhor; and he retired in a passion of disgust. "Can we never be disgraced," he writes to Southey, "but the only good people in the world must witness it?" and the gentle Southey

answers, "Break the terms, and deliver up the wretch who signed it (Sir Hew Dalrymple) to the French with a rope round his neck: this is what Oliver Cromwell would have done." The only useful outcome of this adventure to Landor was his "Tragedy of Count Julian," a more complete work than any he had yet produced, and of which there has been no truer criticism than that of De Quincey, who, after describing Landor as dilating like Satan into Teneriffe or Atlas, when he sees before him an antagonist worthy of his prowess, concludes:—"That sublimity of penitential grief, which cannot accept consolation from man, cannot bear external reproach, cannot condescend to notice insult, cannot so much as see the curiosity of bystanders; that awful carelessness of all but the troubled deeps within his own heart, and of God's spirit brooding upon their surface and searching their abysses—never was so majestically described." Two lines of the closing scene dwell on our memory:—

"Of all who pass us in Life's drear descent
We grieve the most for those who wished to die."

This tragedy the house of Longman (we write it with retrospective horror) declined even to print at the author's expense! Little did they imagine the effect of this refusal. Landor threw another poem into the fire, and renounced the literary career for ever. He writes to Southey, "You cannot imagine how relieved I feel at laying down its burden and abandoning this tissue of humiliations." An unexpected deliverer appeared in the hostile camp of the "Quarterly Review," and Mr. Murray accepted the poem, which however no more touched the popular taste than its predecessors.

The project of marriage was not unfamiliar to Landor's mind. In 1808 he wrote to Southey:—

"I should have been a good and happy man if I had married. My heart is tender. I am fond of children and of talking childishly. I hate even to travel two stages. Never without a pang do I leave the house where I was born. . . . I do not say I shall never be happy; I shall be often so if I live; but I shall never be at rest. My evil genius dogs me through existence, against the current of my best inclinations. I have practised self-denial, because it gives me a momentary and false idea that I am firm; and I have done other things not amiss in compliance with my heart: but my most virtuous hopes and sentiments have uniformly led to misery, and I have never been happy, but in consequence of some weakness or vice."

* Colonel Bathurst, son of the Bishop of Norwich, disappeared unaccountably in the neighbourhood of Perekop, during the war, and was never heard of again.

So no wonder that in 1811 he announces to his friend that the evening of beginning to transcribe his tragedy, he "fell in love with a girl without a sixpence, and with few accomplishments; she is pretty, graceful, and good-tempered, three things indispensable to my happiness;" and he assures his mother "she has no pretensions of any kind, and her want of fortune was the very thing which determined me to marry her." The lady's name was Thuillier,* of an ancient Swiss family. He sent Parr some *Alcaics* on the occasion, and the veteran returned an ardent congratulation and a Latin poem against the Government.

By this time Landor had become a resident squire. He had sold the old properties and bought a ruined abbey in the northern angle of Monmouthshire, at the cost of some sixty thousand pounds. Colonel Wood had fitted up the southern tower as a shooting-box, and this was the only residence when he established himself there in 1809. In his own words, "Llanthony was a noble estate, eight miles long, and produced everything but herbage, corn, and money." He planted a million trees (among them a wood of cedars of Lebanon), of which but a small tithe were visible on Mr. Forster's visit to the spot a short time ago. The valley in which the Abbey stood had been celebrated in Drayton's "Polyolbion" as one

"Which in it such a shape of solitude doth bear
As Nature at first appointed it for prayer;"

not a promising situation to build a country-house in and bring a young wife to. Under the most fortunate circumstances, it is difficult to imagine Landor a comfortable country-gentleman. For field-sports, in which the unoccupied upper classes of this country expend harmlessly so much of the superfluous energy and occasional savagery of their dispositions, he had no taste. In his walks he had shot a partridge one winter afternoon, and found the bird alive the next morning, after a night of exceptional bitterness. "What that bird must have suffered!" he exclaimed, and never took gun in his hand again. For the pastoral pleasure of farming he was much too impetuous, and had to depend entirely on others for the management of the estate. In this he was characteristically unlucky. He went to Southey for advice as to a tenant, and took one whom the more practical brother-poet knew to be totally unfit — a petty officer of the East Indian service, without capital and entirely ignorant of agriculture. The fam-

ily are immortalized in a letter of Charles Lamb's: — "I know all your Welsh annoyances. The measureless B——s. I know a quarter of a mile of them — seventeen brothers and sixteen sisters, as they appear to me in memory. There was one of them that used to fix his long legs on my fender and tell a story of a shark, every night, endless, immortal. How have I grudged the salt-sea ravener not having had his gorge of him!" It was this family of land-sharks who set upon Landor and turned him out of house and home. As a landlord he seems to have been generous, even lavish, and when driven to law for the payment of rent, was foiled by the low ingenuities of country practice, till he wrote —

"Hinc nempe tantum ponderis leges habent
Quam natione barbara degentibus.
Est noxa nulla præter innocentiam;
Tutisque vivitur omnibus præter probos."

The damage to his trees through carelessness or malice affected him deeply. "We recover from illness," he writes, "we build palaces, we retain or change the features of the earth at pleasure, excepting that only the whole of human life cannot replace one bough." In the midst of this turmoil, when he looked on himself as food for the spoiler, the Duke of Beaufort declined to make him a magistrate. This was hardly surprising, after his behaviour on the grand-jury at the previous sessions, when he personally presented to the judge a bill that his colleagues had ignored; but when he politely desired the appointment of some person of more information than himself for the protection of the neighbourhood, his application should not have remained unanswered. He then had recourse to the Chancellor, with the same issue. We do not understand whether a second letter, which Mr. Forster gives, was actually sent, but it is so clever and so inappropriate a composition, that it must have been taken as a complete vindication of the Duke's refusal. Then, or later, Landor hung up for posterity his effigy of Lord Eldon, of which the two first lines are a sufficient specimen: —

"Officiosus . erga . omnes . potentes . præter .
Deum .
Quem . satis . ei . erit . adjurare."

Mr. Forster fails to give with his usual clearness the immediate cause of Landor's abandonment of his country. He makes no mention of the Florentine legend of the assault on the barrister, and the only question of outlawry occurs with regard to a frivolous suit, of which no further notice

* The family are now represented by the distinguished Artillery officer, Col. R. E. Landor Thuillier, F.R.S., Surveyor-General of India.

seems to have been taken. Landor certainly thought his own and his wife's persons in danger at Llanthony, and his embarrassments were such as to make a temporary removal expedient; but the Court of Exchequer decided finally in his favour against his defaulting tenants, and the estate in competent hands would soon have given, and indeed did give him, a fair income. However, in May, 1814, he passed over to Jersey, where Mrs. Landor joined him with one of her sisters. There occurred the first open breach in his matrimonial relations. After some imprudent words on her side, he rose early, walked across the island, and embarked alone in an oyster-boat for France. Hence he wrote to Southey that he reserved to himself 160*l.* per annum, and left his wife the rest of his fortune. He tells him of "the content and moderation which she had always preserved in the midst of penury and seclusion," but adds that, "every kind and tender sentiment is rooted up from his heart for ever." There is a terrible consciousness of his own infirmity in the conclusion: "She gave me my first headache, which every irritation renews. It is an affection of the brain only, and it announces to me that my end will be the most miserable and the most humiliating." It is sad to place this sentence by the side of one of the very latest of his poems. In November 1863 when his last volume (*Heroic Idylls*) was in the press, he sent the following lines to be inserted, but the volume was already made up:—

"To one ill-mated.

We all wish many things undone
Which now the heart lies heavy on.
You should indeed have longer tarried
On the roadside before you married,
And other flowers have picked in jest
Before you singled out your best.
Many have left the search with sighs
Who sought for hearts and found but eyes.
The brightest stars are not the best
To follow in the way to rest."

It is small reproach to any woman that she did not possess a sufficient union of charm, tact, and intelligence to suit Landor as a wife. He demanded beauty in woman as imperatively as honesty in men, and yet was hardly submissive to its influence; and while he was intolerant to folly, he would have been impatient of any competing ability. Therefore, eloquent as is his pleading in the following passage, and just as is the general observation, it must be taken only as the partial aspect of his own domestic calamity:—

"It often happens that if a man, unhappy in the married state, were to describe the manifold causes of his uneasiness, it would be found by those who were beyond their influence to be of such a nature as rather to excite derision than sympathy. The waters of bitterness do not fall on his head in a cataract, but through a colander—one, however like the vases of the Danaïdes, perforated only for replenishment. We know scarcely the vestibule of a house of which we fancy we have perforated all the corners. We know not how grievously a man may have suffered, long before the calumnies of the world befall him, as he reluctantly left his house-door. There are women from whom incessant tears of anger swell forth at imaginary wrongs; but of contrition for their own delinquencies not one."

We leave this painful subject with respect for Mr. Forster's delicate and candid treatment of it, and shall not revert to it in these pages. The reconciliation which followed on the present occasion seems to have been as complete as circumstances and temper made possible. After they had settled at Como, the birth of his first child gave him infinite pleasure. He called him Arnold Savage, after the second Speaker of the House of Commons, whom he heard to have declared "that grievances should be redressed before money should be granted," and with whom he claimed a very problematical relationship. The Princess of Wales resided at this time at the Villa d'Este, where her conduct was so flagrant that Landor was surprised that her husband did not sue for a divorce. When, at a later period, his name was brought forward in connexion with the evidence he could give on the trial, he wrote to the "*Times*:" "The secrets of the bedchamber and of the escritoire have never been the subjects of my investigation. During my residence on the Lake of Como my time was totally occupied in literary pursuits: and I believe no man of that character was ever thought worthy of employment by the present Administration. Added to which I was insulted by an Italian domestic of the Queen, and I demanded from her in vain the punishment of the aggressor; this alone, which might create and keep alive the most active resentment in many others, would impose eternal silence on me."

We have already alluded to his subsequent ejection from Lombardy; no unlikely event when we remember what was then the Austrian rule, and that he always designated the Emperor as the man who had betrayed his own patriot Hofer into the hands of the French, and sold his own daughter to a Corsican robber. At Pisa a girl was born to

him, and he wrote a touching letter to his mother asking her to be sponsor:—

"The misery of not being able to see you is by far the greatest I have suffered. Never shall I forget the ten thousand acts of kindness and affection I have received from you from my earliest to my latest days. . . . As perhaps I may never have another, I shall call my little Julia by the name of Julia Elizabeth Savage Landor, and with your permission, will engage some one of Julia's English friends to represent you. This is the first time I was ever a whole day without seeing Arnold. I wonder what his thoughts are on the occasion. Mine are a great deal more about him than about the house I most look for. He is of all living creatures the most engaging, and already repeats ten of the most beautiful pieces of Italian poetry. The honest priest, his master, says he is a miracle and a marvel, and exceeds in abilities all he ever saw or heard of. What a pity it is that such divine creatures should ever be men, and subject to regrets and sorrows!"

This is written from Florence, where he soon fixed himself in the Palazzo Medici, and where the great literary enterprise which had for some time possessed his thoughts was undertaken and accomplished. The one continuous link with his native country, that had remained unbroken through these wandering years, had been his correspondence with Southey. That friendship between natures apparently so incompatible had been hardly affected and certainly not lessened in the main by the extremest divergence of opinion. This relation between the writer of the "Vision of Judgment" and the open advocate of regicide, the author of the "Book of the Church" and the adorer of the old gods, the diffuse romantic poet and the close Roman epigrammatist, the decorous moralist and the apologist of the Cæsars, is a signal and instructive example of the happy intimacy and mutual comfort that may exist between men of genius, who are drawn together by heartfelt admiration and enjoyment of each other's powers, and a determination to find out, and hold by, all possible points of sympathy and common interest, letting the rest drop out of sight, and all that is not congenial be forgotten. We shall have to mention the tender intimacy that existed in later days between Landor and the reverent, fervent, spirit of Julius Hare, as a further illustration of the capacities of intellectual sympathy; and we are content to refer those who have been wont to look on Landor as an ill-conditioned misanthrope, to Southey, after almost every name had passed from his perception, repeating softly to himself, "Landor, my Lan-

dor;" and to Archdeacon Hare, two days before his death, murmuring, "Dear Landor, I hope we shall meet once more." It had been Southey's habit for many years to add to the literary toils of his ill-requited profession the careful transcription in his dainty hand-writing of his poems as he composed them, canto after canto, for Landor's perusal and criticism. He also kept him duly informed of the course of his prose writings, and had told him of his proposed Dialogues on "The Condition of Society," the plan of which had originally grown out of "Boethius." These Conversations were entirely consecutive, and the only interlocutors were himself and Sir Thomas More, "who recognizes in me," Southey writes, "some dis-pathies, but more points of agreement." The notion had clearly touched Landor's imagination, and it is evident how much there was in this form of composition which was cognate to both his intellectual and moral peculiarities. His dominant self-assertion seized with delight a form in which it could constantly reproduce itself in the most diverse shapes, in which every paradox could be freely stated and every platitude boldly contradicted—in which, under the names he most loved and most abhorred, he could express his admiration and his hatred—in which exaggeration was legitimate, and accuracy superfluous. The literary character of the plan cannot be better drawn than in Mr. Forster's language:—

"All the leading shapes of the past, the most familiar and the most august, were to be called up again. Modes of thinking the most various, and events the most distant, were proposed for his theme. Beside the fires of the present, the ashes of the past were to be rekindled and to shoot again into warmth and brightness. The scene was to be shifting as life but continuous as time. Down it were to pass successions of statesmen, lawyers, and churchmen; wits and men of letters; party-men, soldiers, and kings; the most tender, delicate and noble women; figures fresh from the schools of Athens and the courts of Rome; philosophers philosophizing, and politicians discussing questions of state; poets talking of poetry, men of the world of matters worldly, and English, Italians, and French of their respective literatures and manners. . . . The requisites for it were such as no other existing writer possessed in the same degree as he did. Nothing had been indifferent to him that affected humanity. Poetry and history had delivered up to him their treasures, and the secrets of antiquity were his."

About the time when the first income-tax was imposed, Landor had written one Conversation between Lord Grenville and

Burke, and another between Henry the Fourth and Sir Arnold Savage; the first he had offered to the "Morning Chronicle," but it was refused as too personal. Now, in March 1822, he had written fifteen new ones, having rejected one between Swift and Sir William Temple as too democratical (what must it have been?), and another between Addison and Lord Somers as too maliciously critical of the supposed purist's inelegancies and inaccuracies of style, "the number of which surpasses belief." These, when augmented to twenty-three, formed the MS. transmitted through Captain Vyner to the house of Longman, which (we express a second sorrow) entirely declined their publication; so did four other publishers; but the kind activity of Mr. Julius Hare, with whom Landor had become acquainted through his brother Francis, actually forced Taylor, the publisher of the "London Magazine," to undertake the work.

The brothers Hare were all men of mark. The elder, Francis, well known as a man about town by the *sobriquet* of the "Hare of many Friends," had been brought up in Italy under the care of Professor (afterwards Cardinal) Mezzofanti, and had acquired in some degree the linguistic powers of his preceptor. He could talk to every Italian in his own dialect, and knew the appropriate saints to adjure in every Italian village. In his own language, though he wrote little, if anything, besides some contributions to this Review, he displayed a facility of expression as various and as monopolizing as that of Coleridge or Macaulay. Landor with a tender humour incorporates this peculiarity into the eulogy of his friend:—

"— who held mute the joyous and the wise
With wit and eloquence — whose tomb, afar
From all his friends and all his countrymen,
Saddens the bright Palermo."

The younger brothers, Julius and Augustus, though each in their different styles important contributors to English Divinity, live in the little volumes which all the present abundance of fragmentary literature and aphoristic reflection will not overlay, the "Guesses at Truth." They remain a most interesting production of the Coleridgean era of English thought as exhibited in two very original minds, so full of sound knowledge and deep wit, that we can forgive such oddities as the junction of the names of Landor, Bacon, and Jacob Boehme as objects of our admiration.

Julius became indeed to Landor's mature life all that Southey had been to his youth,

and never permitted any the wildest overflow of opinion or extravagance of conduct to diminish his reverence and affection. On this occasion he performed his editorial functions so scrupulously, that when the prohibition or the retention of one word was said by the publisher to make a difference of two hundred and fifty copies in the sale, he replied he had no alternative but to leave it there; in the collected edition of 1846, Landor expunged it himself. But the very antagonism of Hare's nature to the lawlessness of Landor's mind enabled him to render him a service of peculiar value in the reception of the book. He knew well the temper of the time which, by assuming that all genius was the natural enemy of public order, did a great deal to make it so; and which, having pilloried indiscriminately the decorous Wordsworth and the licentious Byron, Hazlitt living too much in the senses and Shelley too much out of them, the grand simplicities of Keats and the sweet concinnities of Leigh Hunt, and not only these men themselves, but all their friends, collaterals, and favourers, had already fixed its attention on Landor as a revolutionary poet, and was well prepared with its materials, not of defence, but of demolition. He therefore wrote a double-faced review in the "London Magazine" of 1859, which ought to form part of the appendix of any collected edition of Landor's works. It is a dialogue on the Dialogues, in which the adverse case is put with so much force and ingenuity, as an imitation of the Landorian manner, that it quite took the sting out of the subsequent article in the Tory Quarterly. On the other hand, the characteristic merits and charms of the work are portrayed in such passages as the following, where Hare describes his own feeling on the first perusal:—

"It was as if the influence of a mightier spring had been breathing through the intellectual world, loosening the chains, and thawing the ice-bound obstruction of death; as if it had been granted to the prayers of genius that all her favourite children should be permitted for awhile to revisit the earth. They came wielding all the faculties of their minds, with the mastery they had acquired by the discipline and experience, by the exercise and combats of their lives, and arraying their thoughts in a rich, and elastic, and graceful eloquence, from which the dewy light of the opening blossom had not yet passed away. I resigned myself altogether to the impressions which thronged in upon me from everything that I heard; for not a word was idle, not a syllable but had its due place and meaning; if at any moment the pleasure was not unmingled, at least it was very greatly predominant throughout. If there was a good deal

questionable and some things offensive in the matter, the manner was always admirable; and whenever a stone, against which I might have stumbled, lay in my path, I stepped over it, or aside from it, and would not allow myself to feel disgust or to be irritated and stung into resistance."

How much additional pleasure would be derived from good literature if it was approached in this wise and generous spirit! Hazlitt's review in this journal shows that he had not attained it: it is appreciative of much of the literary merit of the work, but critical of defects too evident and contradictions too flagrant to be worth serious notice or objection.

The analyses of the "Conversations" which Mr. Forster has inserted in these volumes, interesting and just in themselves, seem to us superfluously to increase their bulk. We should have preferred if he had confined himself to such notices as brought out or illustrated the author's life or character, and that might have been done with more effect, if not encumbered with general observations or paraphrases. For, in truth, the "Conversations" are Landor's own — dialogues with his own mind. From the moment he formed the design, he precluded himself from any visionary reproduction of the personages he introduced. He carefully restricted himself from letting any of his actors say anything they were recorded to have said, or placing them in any of the attitudes that would have suggested themselves to the historical painter. And herein lie the wonderful skill and grace of the composition. The reader is quite conscious that the writer has chosen the dramatic individuality to exhibit his own opinions, instead of the ordinary process of trying to divine what the character might or would have said; yet the sense of incongruity is rare and the impression of artificial contrivance exceptional. All fictitious dialogue is open to the objection that the book is made an instrument on which the author plays for his own diversion — complicating, unravelling, the chords as he pleases, and hardly allowing to the reader the echoes of his own judgment or discretion. He would probably like to answer the arguments adduced, or point out defects and assumptions in a very different way from the imaginary speaker, for the most honest controversialist will not always exhibit the joints of his own armour. But Landor's "Conversations" are not usually argumentative: the interlocutors rather sympathize than dispute, and seem to strive more to enlarge and illustrate one another's meaning than to elicit a conclusion by con-

troversy. Landor hardly condescends to reason with himself any more than with others.

The moral relation of an author to his writings is a frequent subject of literary dispute: is there the same man at the core if we could only find him? Which is the better or the worse, the lesser or the greater? We incline to believe that a man's writings, if of any worth at all, are his works indeed, and that the best destiny he can have is to be judged by them. Rousseau was teaching the mothers of France to nurse their own infants, while he was sending his own, or at least his reputed, children to the Foundling Hospital. While Landor's wilful temper was making himself and all about him unhappy, the innermost man as reflected in his books was yearning for a condition of things where all was courtesy and peace. No one could see him in high and refined society without being impressed by a dignified grace, which is just what a student of his writings would have expected from his style. In his dialogues the interlocutors, however violent in their language, and savage in their judgments, preserve towards each other a noble and respectful demeanour such as Landor would himself have done, or strove to do, if confronted with the objects of his fiercest denunciation. Though he would assert that to stand at the end of a crowded street made him burn with indignation at being a man, that he could only enjoy a theatrical representation if he were himself the audience, "that when he left the gate of his London home, he felt as a badger would do if turned out in Cheapside," it was surely the truer man who wrote that —

"He had never avoided the intercourse of those distinguished by virtue or genius — of genius because it warmed me and invigorated me by my trying to keep pace with it; of virtue, that if I had any of my own, it might be called forth by such vicinity. Among all men elevated in station who have made a noise in the world (admirable of expression!) I never saw any in whose presence I felt inferiority excepting Kosciuszko. But how many in the lower paths of life have exerted both virtues and abilities which I never exerted and never possessed! What strength, and courage, and perseverance in some; in others, what endurance and moderation! At that very moment when most beside yourself, catching up half my words would call and employ against me, in its ordinary signification what ought to convey the most honorific, the term *self-sufficiency*. I bow my head before the humble, with greatly more than their humiliation."

The extravagance of Landor's political

actions, whenever he came into contact with the governing portion of the world, gave the impression of a revolutionary recklessness hardly compatible with general sanity in so cultivated a mind. The open advocacy of tyrannicide as a civic duty, the indiscriminating censure of public personages, the rage against men who had raised themselves to power as well as against those born to it, the apparent hatred of law as a restraint on will, would, without his writings, have confounded him with some of the weakest and wickedest of mankind. For although they abound with passages of fierce judgments and strong denunciations, it becomes clear, that so far from abhorring power or even absolutism for its own sake, the true motives of his indignation are the malice and the ignorance which render hurtful or useless to humanity those influences that ought to tend to its happiness or its development. Before true kingship he "felt his mind, his very limbs, unsteady with admiration."

"When shall such kings adorn the throne again?

When the same love of what Heaven made most lovely

Enters their hearts; when genius shines above them

And not beneath their feet."

Courts and cabinets, and the ordinary incidents of monarchy, provoked him into such words as these:—"Kings still more barbarously educated than other barbarians, seeking their mirth alternately from Vice and Folly—guided in their first steps by duplicity and flattery—whatever they do but decently is worthy of applause, whatever they do virtuously, of admiration." His special hatred of Bonaparte came from the thought that he might have given the French Revolution its true crown and consummation, have accomplished and projected its ideas, instead of merging it in the vanities and vulgarities of common despotism. Thus the invasion of Spain and the occupation of the Tyrol were to him especially horrible. There is in the collected works a trumpet-call of Liberty over the grave of the peasant-hero which sums up his sense of what Napoleon was and did.

"He was urged by no necessity, he was prompted by no policy; his impatience of courage in an enemy; his hatred of patriotism and integrity, in all of which he had no idea himself and saw no image in those about him, outstripped his blind passion for fame, and left him nothing but power and celebrity."

The Republic was no doubt his ideal; but Liberals, he says, "are republicans as LIVING AGE. VOL. XIV. 612

curs are dogs," and "the discovery that everybody in England who had made money was discontented cured me of Radicalism." Nor could he regard the most complete despotism as entirely injurious to mankind, for the only people of whom he writes with constant respect are the Turks: "Coming from Turkey to France was like passing from lions to lapdogs: they alone of all nations have known how to manage the two only real means of happiness, energy and repose." And in accordance with this feeling, he lamented continually the issue of the conflicts on the Loire, commonly called the Battle of Tours, as the greatest misfortune of the European world. In the whole range of his poems and "Conversations" there is not one word of apology for democratic license, nor one whit less condemnation of the injustice or folly of the ruled than of the rulers; it is his judgment of popular applause that

"The people never give such hearty shouts Saving for kings and blunders."

In the matter of the affections there is less discrepancy between his writings and his life. If a woman could have forborne, and swayed herself according to the vacillations of his temper, his whole character might have been modified, and his happiness saved in his own despite. It was a kind of pride with him that all children loved him. In his demeanour to his own his tenderness was excessive. That his boy of thirteen had not ceased to caress him, is spoken of as a delight he could not forego, by sending him to England even under the care of the scholar he most respected, Dr. Arnold—unmindful of his own fine words:—

"The worst

Of orphanage, the cruellest of frauds,
Stint of his education, while he played
Nor fancied he would want it."

He was always drawing analogies between children and flowers; and there was no mere fancy in the well-known lines—

"And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die
Whene'er their genius bids their soul depart,
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproached me; the ever-sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold."

In his garden-walks he would bend over the flowers with a sort of worship, but rarely touched one of them.

"I remember," he wrote to Southey in 1811, "a little privet which I planted when I was about six years old, and which I considered the next of kin to me after my mother and elder sister. Whenever I returned from school or college, for the attachment was not stifled in that sink, I felt something like uneasiness till I had seen and measured it."

The form which the notoriety of this sentiment took in the Florentine legend was that he had one day, after an imperfect dinner, thrown the cook out of the window, and while the man was writhing with a broken limb, ejaculated, "Good God! I forgot the flowers."

If any man could be believed as to his own estimate and desire of fame, that which Landor acquired by these two series of "Conversations" was precisely what he wished. They were more than admired—they were loved by the very men whose opinions he most esteemed, and enjoyed by a small but competent audience beyond. The exercise of composition had been in itself most useful to his mental temperament; and thus Mr. Forster is fully justified in regarding the latter years of his residence at Florence as the brightest, at any rate the least clouded, of his life. His domesticity, though not cheerful, was not angry; his children, still in bud and flower, not yet burdened with doubtful fruit; his few relations with residents in the city friendly without familiarity; and the pilgrimage of literary sight-seers sufficient for the variety of life without any unseemly intrusion. His house was sufficiently spacious for the climate, and all the more so from the absence in the rooms of all that he called "carpentry," which he especially disliked. Even mirrors and lustres he eschewed as only fit for inns, if not magnificent. On the other hand, the decorations of Art were abundant, and it was the habit of the place to look on him as the victim of the ingenious imposture which fills so many English galleries with the fictions of great pictorial names. No doubt his overweening positiveness served him as ill here as elsewhere, and he would refer anyone who doubted his Raphael or his Correggio rather to the Hospital of St. Luke's in London, than to the Academy of San Luca at Bologna. But it is to be remembered that Italy at that time had not been so thoroughly ransacked as now, and that Landor anticipated the public taste in the admiration of the painters of the early Italian schools. Thus, amid some pretenders to high birth and dignity, his walls presented a genuine and most goodly company of such masters as Masac-

cio, Ghirlandajo, Gozzoli, Filippo Lippi, and, native to the place,

"The limner cowered, who never moved his hand Till he had steeped his inmost soul in prayer."

The purchase of such pictures, at the moderate prices then demanded for them, was one of his chief amusements. His repugnance to common relations with mankind showed itself in a peculiar way with respect to the pleasures of the table, in which he took an unreserved enjoyment; his highest luxury was dining alone, and with little light, and he would often resort to Florence for that purpose. He said "a spider was a gentleman—he eat his fly in secret." But this dislike to conviviality did not at all prevent him from performing agreeably the duties of host, and the repast was ever seasoned with allowable delightful talk. His trenchant opinions on subjects of literature were always explicable by some reference to his own habits of thought and lines of knowledge. When he told you that "Horace and Virgil could not write Latin, but Ovid did," you felt it to be an extravagance of a man speaking of his own literature. "Roscoe's works one feather-bed of words;" "Gibbon, an old dressed-up fop, keeping up the same sneering grin from one end of his history to the other with incredible fixity;" "Young, in his snip-snap verse, as sure to destroy a poetical thought he has got hold of as a child, a butterfly;" and such-like summaries were not mere paradoxical ebullitions, but witty ways of stating serious conclusions on English literature. In a letter to Mr. Crabb Robinson he designates Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth as three turrets, none of which could fall without injuring the others; and outside that fortress he was not very willing to acknowledge any great poet in contemporary writers. He rarely persisted in his harder judgments. Of Byron, in an early "Conversation," he had drawn a clever fictitious portrait—"strong as poison, and original as sin;" and he never liked him till after his heroic death, for so we may call it in spite of Goethe's solemn judgment—

"Till, from all earthly fetters free,
He strove to win the hero's lot;
But Fate decreed that must not be,
And murmured, 'Thou hast earned it not.'"

Shelley he had refused to know from some private reasons, which he afterwards passionately regretted, and always wrote and spoke

* Euphorian's song in the second part of "Faust."

of him with infinite respect. Of Keats he felt that "time only was wanting to complete a poet who already surpassed all his contemporaries in this country in the poet's most subtle attributes." To Walter Scott he was more than specially harsh, calling him a "great ale-house writer;" but in latter days he fell back on the old books with more than enjoyment, and wondered that we do not glory in them more: "The Germans would, and so should we, if hatred of our neighbour were not the religion of authors, and warfare the practice of borderers." Of the Brothers Smith he candidly avowed, "I ought especially to hate Bobus and Sydney for licking me out, and out; Bobus in Latin poetry and Sydney in English prose; but Bobus has had no rival in Latin this 1800 years." (Lord Dudley ranked the Latin poets—Lucretius, Bobus, Virgil.) If space permitted, we should more than indicate the rare and generous delight with which Landor ever welcomed the apparition of genius; it was as a fresh metal to the mineralogist, as a new planet to the astronomer; the ardour was sometimes excessive, but often more than justified by the event, and those who are now received with the trumpets and shawms of popularity look back with deeper gratitude to the prescient praise of the young-hearted veteran who decorated them from the laurels and myrtles of his own classic garden. So was it to the very last—to the boy-poet, whose fine verses close these volumes: who

"Came as one whose thoughts half linger,
Half run before—
The youngest to the oldest singer
That England bore;"

and took away the affectionate benediction of his predecessor in the noble art of keeping alive among men the form and spirit of ancient song.

Mr. Forster has done well in dilating more largely on Landor's early than on his maturer life. The former is new to the world, the latter is in his works. He moved little from Florence, once to Rome with Julius Hare, once to Naples with Lord Blessington, and in 1832 to England. We can well picture him in the Vatican before the silent presences of history.

"Vos nudo capite atque vos saluto,
Qui saltem estis imagines proborum,
Ne, multis patria procul diebus,
Oblitus male moris usitati,
Viso quolibet aut probato amico,
Dicar rusticus ad meos reversus."

At Naples he met his old competitor in politics and learning, now relaxing himself

in Italian composition, the author of the once famous, now forgotten, "*Pursuits of Literature*;" and on a sultry day, with the *Pifferari* blowing under the window, thus greeted him:—

"The Piper's music fills the street,
The Piper's music makes the heat
Hotter by ten degrees:
Hand us a Sonnet, dear Mathias,
Hand us a Sonnet cool and dry as
Your very best, and we shall freeze."

In England he had a most courteous reception, not only from fashionable people turned radicals, which amused him highly, but from Charles Lamb at Enfield, Coleridge at Highgate, and "dear Julius Hare" at Cambridge. The last he saw for the first time, and their three days' intercourse made an epoch in each existence. Then to the Lakes, and to Southey, his devotee, and with a passing visit to Wordsworth (who, he thought, meant to hit him a double blow, by a remark, "That Prose will bear a great deal more of Poetry than Poetry will of Prose") to his friends at Warwick. That once great town, he found, was joining its own noises to those of Leamington, which, he remarks, "is almost all built on a property that I only escaped the encumbrance of by a single life." Julius Hare and Worsely, the present Master of Downing College, accompanied him on his return to the Villa Gherardesca, which he never left till his self-banishment in 1835. Within that period he wrote the "*Examination of Shakspeare*," of which Charles Lamb said, "That only two men could have written it—he who did write it, and the man it was written on." There is no gentler verse in the language than the scrap found in "*Willy's Pocket*," no grander counsel than this to the young, rich and poor:—

"Young gentlemen, let not the highest of you who hear me this evening be led into the delusion, for such it is, that the founder of his family was originally a greater or better man than the lowest here. He willed it and became it; he must have stood low; he must have worked hard and with tools, moreover, of his own invention and fashioning; he warned and whistled off ten thousand strong and importunate temptations—he dashed the dice-box from the jewelled hand of Chance, the cup from Pleasure's, and trod under foot the sorceries of each; he ascended steadily the precipices of Danger, and looked down with intrepidity from the summit; he overcame Arrogance with Sedateness, he seized by the horn and overleaped low Violence, and he fairly swung Fortune round. The very high cannot rise much higher; the very low may; the truly great must have done it. This is not the doctrine of the silkenly and lawfully religious:

it wears the coarse texture of the fisherman, and walks uprightly and straightforward under it."

The story too of the youth who failed at college, and died broken-hearted on the banks of the Cherwell — "*literarum quæsit gloriam, invenit Dei*," is unsurpassed in the beauty of pathos. This was followed by the letters of Pericles and Aspasia, a book well described by an American critic as one "that we are frequently forced to drop, and surrender ourselves to the musings and memories, soft or sad, which its words awaken and cause to pass before the mind." Its pages take you to the theatre where "*Prometheus*" is played, to the house where Socrates and Aristophanes meet, to the promise of the youth Thucydides, and to the Statesman who dies, "remembering in the fulness of my heart, that Athens confided her glory and Aspasia her happiness to me."

These Epistles are a treasure-house of fine apothegms: one, on the duty of the historian as distinguished from that of the archaeologist, is worth recording in reference to the novel treatment of the matter in our days: —

"We might as well in a drama place the actors behind the scenes as in a history put valiant men back, and protrude ourselves with husky disputations. Show me rather how great projects were executed, great advantages gained, and great calamities averted. Show me the generals and the statesmen who stood foremost, that I may bend to them in reverence — tell me their names that I may repeat them to my children. Teach me whence laws were introduced, upon what foundation laid, by what custody guarded, in what inner keep preserved. Let the books of the Treasury lie closed as religiously as the Sibyl's: leave Weights and Measures in the market-place, Commerce in the harbour, the Arts in the light they love, Philosophy in the shade; place History on her rightful throne, and at the sides of her Eloquence and War."

Goethe somewhere says "that the monument of a man should be always his own image," and Landor, enlarging on this theme, insists that it should be only a bust and a name. "If the name alone is insufficient to illustrate the bust, let them both perish." We agree with these authorities as to the monuments, but no one more than Landor has shown, by his own incisive epitaphs, the power and the duty of fit memorial inscriptions: they are in truth the best securities for historical fame, and even in their vulgarer forms transmit to the gratitude of posterity services and examples which it is too much to expect the mere name to suggest and record. Latin is no doubt the fit lapidary language, but when

in English can be composed such inscriptions as that of Lord Macaulay on Sir Thomas Metcalf, or that of Landor on Southey, it may well be the vehicle for the commemoration even of the greatest men.

Landor's exile in England, for such it strictly may be termed, was passed chiefly at Bath, the scene of his wilful and wayward youth; he loved that graceful town and was fond of comparing it with Florence. In the hospitable and intelligent society of Gore House he had a London home, and a constant literary activity occupied his time and sustained his spirits. The "*Dialogues on Dante*," which he entitled the "*Pentameron*," were criticized in the "*British and Foreign Review*," and we have to thank Mr. Forster for Landor's unpublished "*Reply*," written under the impression that Mr. Hallam was the author of the article — an interesting summary of Landor's estimate of his own literary worth, and a curious depreciation of the common judgment of the foibles and limitations of his genius. Perhaps as years had gone by and carried with them the choice adherents of his name and fame, he had fallen back on some hopes of a broader though lower level of recognition. So certainly it became with the intimacies of his private life; the circle of his acquaintances was no longer confined to those who knew how to manage and elude, or who for love's sake endured, the susceptibilities of his peculiar temperament. Hence strong likings suddenly changed into hatred and disgust; hence uncontrollable passion at deceptions and self-deceptions; hence wild literary revenge for supposed social injuries; hence the acts which the indiscriminating judgment of Law might not excuse, but which the Press and Public might have regarded with some consideration for a life so honest and a heart so high.

Of the sad six years of his final return to Italy there is one bright portion in the summer he passed at Siena in a cottage hired for him by Mr. Browning. "The kind friend," he writes, "whom I had seen only three or four times in my life, yet who made me the voluntary offer of what money I wanted, and who insists on managing my affairs here and paying for my lodgings and sustenance." He also resided in the family of Mr. Story, the eminent American sculptor, who declares, as Mr. Browning records, "that his visit has been one unalloyed delight to them, and this quite as much from his gentlemanliness and simple habits, and evident readiness to be pleased with the least attention, as from his conversation, which would be attractive under any circumstances. He may be managed with

the greatest ease by civility alone." Landor continued his verse composition almost to the very end. In the last Conversation he wrote, Andrew Marvel felicitates Henry Marten with having met with Oliver Cromwell and conversed with John Milton: "Believe me, it is somewhat to have lived in fellowship with the truly great and to have eschewed the falsely." This Landor had ever done, and if Antipathy had been the presiding genius of his life, the reason assuredly was, that he demanded from all men his own nobility of mind, in addition to all the qualities of temper and wisdom which he never forgave himself for not possessing.

We shall rejoice if this biography extends the knowledge and use of Landor's writings: we say advisedly, the use, because though often surprised that they are not more the objects of literary delectation and amusement, we still more regret the neglect of their obvious utility as examples of English composition. His style is so natural an outgrowth of a rich imaginative mind, and so clear a representation of thought, that its study is not likely to lead to any servile imitation, while it conveys the most distinct impression of the charm and power of form. Abounding in strong, even passionate diction, it is never vague or convulsive; magniloquent as declamation can demand, it is never pompous or turgid; humorous throughout, it avoids contortion and abhors caricature. In strange contradiction to the temper of the writer, its chief characteristic is self-command, and it bears a weight of paradox with as much ease and dignity as ordinary writing its lightest commonplace. Though not alien to the treatment of modern life, it is undoubtedly most at home in the old world; and in such conversations as those of Lucullus and Cæsar, Epictetus and Seneca, Epicurus and the Grecian maidens, Marcus Tullius and Quintus Cicero, and in the Epistles of Pericles and Aspasia, there is a sense of a fitness of language that suggests the desire to see them restored, as it were, to the original tongues. Not only, indeed, would passages from these works be the best conceivable objects of translation in any classical examination, but versions of them, by competent scholars, might be well applied, as has been proposed with the "Dialogues of Erasmus," to the purpose of early instruction in Latin, and alleviate the difficulty in which all teachers of schools, at any rate, are placed by the absence of any original writings in that language which combine interest of subjects with the facility of construction and purity of style required in an instrument of linguistic education.

For the greater part of his English verse we cannot expect more than the sympathy and admiration of poets. The imagination of the reader is too often necessary to supplement that of the writer to make his poems popular even with those who are capable of appreciating their sentiment and imagery. But what may be pressed upon the public judiciously and with every hope of success by the lovers of Landor's fame, are such smaller pieces as were inserted in the first issue of Mr. Locker's delightful little volume of "*Lyre Elegantiarum*," and unfortunately suppressed as an infringement of copyright. If they had been retained, they would have given additional zest not only to that Selection but to the volumes before us, of which they would have been the heralds and indicators. They are the very perfection of poetic epigram—real flowers of harmonious thoughts. They dwell on the memory like combinations of certain notes of music with circumstances of life. The following are not given as better or worse than others, but as illustrations of their effect, recalling the perfection of Goethe and Voltaire:—

"Ah! what avails the sceptered race,

Ah! what the form divine!

What every virtue, every grace!

Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, when these wakeful eyes

May weep, but never see,

A night of memories and sighs

I consecrate to thee."

"Mild is the parting year, and sweet

The odour of the falling spray;

Life passes on, more rudely fleet,

And balmless is its closing day.

I wait its close, I court its gloom,

But mourn that never must there fall,

Or on my breast, or on my tomb,

The tears that would have soothed it all."

"Stand close around, ye Stygian set,

With Dirce in one boat conveyed,

Or Charon, seeing, may forget

That he is old and she a shade."

"Tell me not things past all belief—

One truth in you I prove:

The flame of anger, bright and brief,

Sharpens the barb of Love."

We believe that Landor prided himself on his Latin more than on his English writings. He undoubtedly possessed a command of the Latin language which enabled him to use it for every purpose, and to adapt it to every theme, from the fables of Greek mythology to the incidents and characters of his own day. It is not easy to convey a notion either of the merits or of the faults

of his Latin poetry to those who cannot judge of it for themselves. Its character cannot be illustrated by a comparison with any other Latin poetry, ancient or modern.

Its style is not that of either the golden or the silver, or of any earlier or later age of Latinity. It is the style of Landor, and it is marked with the stamp not only of his intellect, but of his personal idiosyncrasy. This is the cause of that obscurity which must be felt, even by scholars, to mar to some extent the enjoyment of his Latin poetry. He was perfectly able to write in a style transparent as that of Ovid. But such was not his pleasure. He despised popularity; he disdained imitation; he abhorred all that savoured of mannerism, conventionality, and commonplace. He aimed at independence, originality; at the quality for which Mr. Matthew Arnold has endeavoured to naturalize in English literature — the French word *distinction*; and thus it happened that when he might have clothed his thoughts in clear, simple, and natural language, he preferred forms of expression in which the stone is often too hard for common readers to get at the kernel. Nevertheless there are in these poems passages of exquisite tenderness and pathos, and others which display an extraordinary power of word-painting. We do not know which of them were Landor's favourites; but if we did, it is possible that we might not share his opinion. No doubt the author's poetical faculty is more largely developed in the longer compositions; but the shorter are more deeply impressed with the signature of the man; not, indeed, always in the most winning aspect, or the gentlest mood of inspiration. Now and then harmlessly playful, but much oftener instinct with the bitterest sarcasm; keen and poisoned shafts, levelled sometimes at the objects of his political animosity, sometimes at persons from whom he believed himself to have suffered a private wrong. If it may be said that he set any model before himself, it must have been Catullus. But neither the *Idyllia Heroica*, nor *Gebirus*, nor *Ulysses in Argiripa*, approach the *Atys* or the *Epithalamium*. The *Hendecasyllabi*

remind us not unfrequently of the poet of *Como*.

We trust soon to see on our tables some edition of Landor's writings more commodious to hold and to read than the huge double-columned volumes printed in 1856. They have the merit of an excellent index of contents, by which any topic may be at once referred to, but no other. Taylor's handsome octavos are long since out of print, and many who may be stimulated by Mr. Forster to desire to know more of Landor's works will hardly know where to look for them. Selections are the literary fashion of the day, and he could not do better than follow up this biography, as soon as possible, by a choice of pieces such as his judgment could so well make, leaving us to look forward to a complete and re-arranged edition worthy of this great master of English prose.

We should also be glad to have engravings of the last vigorous but over-dark portrait of Landor, by Fisher, in the National Gallery, and the fine sketch by Robert Faulkner, in the possession of Lord Houghton: the frontispieces in these volumes are no representations of the man. The first, indeed, is interesting, as indicating in the boy the unboyish contemplation and premature self-absorption that developed itself so fatally to his happiness; but there is no trace of the sweetness and humour of the mouth which redeemed the anti-social character of the upper features. The second is as unsatisfactory as engravings not of, but from, paintings usually are, and Mr. Boxall's work is seen at a great disadvantage. The accurate vignette of the Fiesolan Villa will still recall to some living men the eloquent voice that has added one more illustration to that famous Hill, and before some eyes yet unclosed will rise again the glorious prospect from that garden-gate justifying that Landorian inscription.

Hominum . satis . superq .

Multi . viderunt . Natura . nemo .

Hospes . introgreitor .

Et . in . parvis . eam . ut . in . maximis . mirabilem .

Pio . animo . heic . et . ubique . contemplator .

ONLY ONE LETTER WANTING. — "The *tiers-parti*, who have christened themselves the 'im placables,' have had a meeting, at which it was resolved to bring the home policy of the

Government before the Chambers. The attacking party will be led by M. THIERS. — *Paris Correspondent of the Echo*.

SHOULD it not be the THIERS — *parti*.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LUCY'S OPINION IS CONSULTED.

ELLEN BLACKBURN had not exaggerated the case when she said that in her grandfather now found his only comfort. His face was never seen to smile unless she was looking up at it. He had no consciousness (as Mr. Waller had with regard to Lucy) that in favouring Mr. Stanhope's suit he was urging her to run a great hazard. He knew no more of that gentleman's pecuniary affairs than that he had not an income sufficient to live at Curlew Hall in a manner suitable to his station, while of his character and disposition he thought very highly, and in many respects no less than they deserved. He scarcely deemed that he was asking of Ellen any sacrifice of feeling. He had almost forgotten the existence of John Denton altogether, and that other and intermediate state of life in which he had met with him was fading fast from his remembrance. The state of affairs of half a century ago seemed in the old man's mind to join with the present almost without a break. He had been always the Squire, and the heir of Redcombe Manor, but for a certain interval, which waned and waned in his waning mind until it was almost imperceptible. But there was one occurrence during that interregnum which he did not forget, and, indeed, of which he would in any case have been put in daily remembrance by the misconduct of the original offender—namely, the crime and punishment of his only son.

So long as any record of them had existed, the Blackburns had almost all been a dissolute and vicious race; but, however they might have sinned against the Gospel, they had none of them broken the Laws. They had no temptation to do so. Old Anthony did not understand that want of principle in a rich man is almost certain, in a very poor one, to shew itself in crime. True, he himself had not much principle (in any high sense at least), and yet he had lain long years among the pots of Poverty, and come out unsoiled at last. But then he had a substitute for principle in his indomitable pride. Nine-tenths of the Blackburns before him had had something of this pride (though very few of them any real self-respect), but in him it had taken root and flourished prodigiously. He had sat under it, as under his own fig-tree, throughout his exile, and it had served him in good stead in many a wind of bitterness; and though his son William (savage as he was) had hewed its branches and hacked its trunk, it still lived after a fashion, and ever and anon

put forth a bud or two. It had borne the shock of William's return, and had been propped up and even drawn some strength and vigour from the thought that Herbert Stanhope would marry Ellen, and their children's children perpetuate the good Blackburn blood, if not the name; but now there was a canker at its very core. "The old Squire is breaking up at last," was become a common saying about Redcombe. Those who looked deeper thought there was no physical cause, but attributed the alteration in him to the shock he had received from his son's recent illness, the nature of which was by this time as well known for ten miles round the Manor as the shape of the Redcombe weathercock. It must be uncommonly unsatisfactory, they thought, to have one's only son come home after ten years' absence (the most moderate doubled the actual period) to take his proper position in the county—with *delirium tremens*.

And certainly a change in the old man, both mental and bodily, had occurred exactly at that date. He had formerly taken a great deal of exercise—striding about his fields a wonder to his labourers (whose salutations he acknowledged without a word), or revisiting alone such of the ancient landmarks as still stood; but now he confined his rambles to the garden, or to that solitary part of the shrubbery called "the Wilderness," where he would walk to and fro for hours, leaning on his grand-daughter's arm. Few words were interchanged between them. She was afraid to encourage him to speak, lest he should make Mr. Stanhope his topic; but this, of late, he had only done on one occasion. After a long silence, he had exclaimed suddenly: "I wish you had been married, Nelly, darling, before this man had come back."

She of course knew who was meant. He never mentioned his son William, now, by name. "Nay, grandfather," said she tenderly; "but then you would not have had my arm to lean upon. It is much better as it is. I am in no haste to wed."

"A good child—always a good child," returned he, patting her hand. "If the chance does come, if it is not too late, Nelly, take it—take it; never mind an old man like me. Yes, I am too old—much too old. Why did not I die on Slogan, as your poor father did, whom you never knew? Why did he die at all, and why does this other one live? Do you remember the hill Slogan, Nelly?"

"Yes, grandfather, indeed I do. All the people at work upon it like bees, and the sea and the ships below. I can see the up-

per level, where I used to take you your dinner, as plainly now as though it were really before my eyes."

"So can I, so can I, Nelly; though I can't always do it. I can't see so far, some days, for the mist. I mean," added he hastily, "for the mist in my eyes, for my brain is clear as ever—clear as ever.—Where was I?"

"We were talking of Slogan and the upper level, grandfather."

"Yes, yes.—That was where we first saw him, Nelly. An excellent young gentleman. He gave me sherry out of his pocket-flask; and somehow I never get such sherry now. Nothing is so good as it used to be."

"There are many things, grandfather, belonging to those old days, though they were hard ones, that one misses now—the noble prospects from the hills, and the glorious breezes from the sea, and"—

"The sea? Ay." He looked round cautiously, and spoke low: "Formosa is in the sea, is it not, Nelly?"

"Certainly, grandfather—it is an island. But—what is the matter?"

"Nothing. I am not so young as I was, and I am tired. I must sit down a bit—that's all; and I feel faint. If I have said anything foolish, it was that, Nelly—the being so faint. Don't say a word about it to anybody, but I think it would do me good if I could only get to Slogan, and feel the air."

"I would that we had never left it, grandfather," exclaimed Ellen with involuntary bitterness. But the whole scene about the Moor Cottage was lying before her, with John Denton—honest sunbeam—in the midst.

"Not left it; that's nonsense, Nelly. Do you suppose he would have married you if we had stopped at that place? Never. As for me, though I am not happy, Nelly, not so happy as when I made the sparks fly with the big hammer, I am glad to be here, glad to have lived to make my will. It is a great and good thing that a dead man should be able to speak from out the grave, as I shall speak, lying in yonder churchyard, saying: 'All to this woman, and none—or only a little, to that man.' That is how I have left it, Nelly; Stanhope knows."

This was a subject upon which the Squire's mind was always clear, and one that he would often descant upon, much to Ellen's embarrassment.

"Let us talk of something else, grandfather. Do not speak of that. It is much better not to do so."

"Better not to do so," muttered the old

man; "and yet, when I see her, and see him looking at her, I think I ought to speak. Poor Lucy!"

Ellen had paid small attention to these words; she was accustomed now only too often to find the old Squire rambling and inconsequent in his talk, although this rarely occurred unless they were alone together. In other company, he seemed to her (and the sight was very pitiful) to keep strict watch over himself, and check by sudden silence his tendency to wander. In her faithful presence only he was at his ease. When William was by, his father never spoke, except occasionally in tones of stern reproof; but his sunken eyes watched and followed his son's motions ceaselessly, as one who has a stick in his hand watches an adder.

To Lucy's wonder, the old Squire asked her to take Ellen's place one day, and give him her arm in his usual garden-walk.

"I want you to speak to me, dear young lady," he began in tremulous tones, "as though I were your father's father, as indeed I am old enough to be. I want to know"—Here he stopped, and seemed to be casting about for some fitting word which would not come.

"To know what, dear Mr. Blackburn?" said she gently. "Let us sit down, for you seem fatigued, I think."

"Yes, yes; I am very tired—always tired now. But that will not be for long. I want to ask you—for you are a good girl, like my own Nelly, and your opinion is worth having—let me see, let me put it as I should do, and if not, you will make allowance, I know. I cannot talk like my good friend Waller, with every word as it ought to be, and in the right place; but if he was to ask you: 'How do you like that man who has come here of late?' what would you say, now, what would you say?"

"How do I like Mr. William Blackburn, sir?"

"Yes, yes; who else? There he is yonder upon the terrace. A fine man—a man that will have money, perhaps. Hush, hush! There, I knew I should offend you."

"No, sir; I am not offended."

"Good girl, good girl! I always liked you, Lucy, always.—Now, how do you like that man?"

"O sir, that is a question—forgive me—which I cannot answer if his father puts it."

"But if your father put it? Come, *your* father?"

"He never *has* put it, sir. But if he did, it would be my duty"—

"No, no; I don't ask what would be your duty—the truth, the truth!"

"Well, sir, your son is rough and rude; not kindly, as you are, in his speech and ways. Maybe it is his misfortune, not his fault; but being as he is, I do not like him."

"Yes, yes; but there must be more than that, perhaps worse. Pray, tell me, for I am old, and may misjudge things; and I want to know."

"Well, sir, his manner to his mother displeases me, and to Ellen likewise."

"And to yourself? Do his ways to you, which I have often watched, displease you?"

"Sir, you press me somewhat unfairly; but, if I must needs tell the truth, they do."

"One question more, Lucy, and I have done—only one more. So much depends upon your answering it; take time. Do you think,"—he clasped his hands together and looked into her face appealingly,—
"that he is hopelessly wicked and depraved—capable of any cruelty—any crime?"

"Oh sir, I think no such thing. I cannot reply to such a question."

"I see, I see," moaned the old man. "If he were ever so rich, and promised to improve, and though your father urged you to believe him—even then——?"

"Sir, once for all, I could never love William Blackburn."

"I knew it, I knew it!" cried the old man, wringing his hands. "I ought to have spoken to him long ago, and I will speak to him to-day."

"Not about me, Mr. Blackburn!" exclaimed the young girl earnestly. "I do beg of you not to do that. Nothing he can say, nothing he can do, will alter matters between us two."

"Nor should they, my dear girl, nor should they," answered the old Squire. "He shall never trouble you more. He shall go away whence he came. I am master still in my own house, and I will not have him here."

"I should be very sorry, Mr. Blackburn, very sorry, to be the means, however innocent, of any rupture between you and your son. Please to spare me the pain of having thus requited your hospitality. You asked me in strict confidence, remember, to answer you certain questions, and I have answered them in confidence likewise."

"You shall not marry him, Lucy, never fear. Your father shall have the money, all the same. It's all money, money, now-a-days; in my time—but there, that was long ago—folks married for love."

Lucy was scarlet. It was terrible to hear

her father's scheme thus openly spoken of by this doting old man. If *he* knew, must not all the world know, and cry shame upon her! Tears of anger, of wounded pride, ran fast down her cheeks.

"Don't cry, girl," resumed the old man in a firm and altered voice; "that man yonder shall never have you in his power. I will see to that. I am glad you have spoken; I had but very little hope, and it is dead without much pain. I am stronger for knowing the truth, stronger to cope with him, stronger to overcome him. He shall see."

The old man rose from his seat with a vigour he had not shown for months, and straightened his huge frame as of old. There was no tremor in his limbs now as he moved slowly down the winding walk towards the terrace, though he moved alone, for Lucy remained upon the garden bench with her face hidden in her hands. When he reached the level sward of the croquet-ground he stopped for an instant, but only to take breath, then walked straight up to his son, who was leaning on the terrace balustrade smoking a short pipe, and tapped him on the back.

"I want you, sir, for a few minutes' conversation in my room;" then strode on without waiting for a reply.

Mr. William Blackburn shrugged his shoulders, tapped his pipe against the stone, to empty it of its contents, and muttering to himself: "I wonder what the old fool is up to now," followed the Squire into his sanctuary.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WILLIAM'S CHANCE.

WHEN his son entered the room, Anthony Blackburn was already seated in the high-backed black arm-chair, which was his usual place; his eyes were fixed upon something on the wall, which was not a picture, although it was set in a frame, and on this he seemed to gaze, as if unconscious of his son's presence.

"Well, father, what is it?" Mr. William's tone was sharp and sullen, and had the effect which was intended—of awakening the old man from his reflections.

"I want to say a few words to you, William," said the old man, in tones that were strangely different from those in which he had last spoken; no longer stern, but hesitating, and grave, and sad. "Sit down; no, not here, but yonder." William took the chair indicated, more remote from his father than the one he had selected, and sat down on it with a hang-dog look.

"Do you know what I have been looking at for the last minute or two?"

"Yes," growled the other; "Family Tree."

This interesting record of the House of Blackburn ornamented one side of the fireplace, as dead Ferdinand's hunting-map did the other, and had certain marks of red ink upon it, such as are seen in wreck-charts to indicate "Totally lost." These marks were placed opposite to the names of those of the Squire's forefathers who had served the ancient and honourable office of high sheriff. In no other respect, so far as public affairs were concerned, had one Blackburn ever differed from another. The country at large, or even the county, had not been wiser or better for any of them. Yet, like any other old tree, which, though without fruit or foliage, has stood for centuries, it was respected by many folks for its mere pertinacity of vegetable life; while the Squire himself regarded it much as the African regards his fetish; he worshipped it with a veneration that amounted to awe, and without even asking himself a reason for the faith that was in him.

"Three hundred and fifty years," he murmured, "have we lived at Redcombe, father and son, father and son!"

"And very right too," was Mr. William's practical reply. "It would have been a pity and a shame ever to let a girl in, when there was a male heir."

"A girl. Ah! that reminds me," said the old man with a deep sigh. "I tried to-day, William—I did give you that chance—whether an honest girl—one who would not have pained me if she could have helped it, I know—had any one good word to say for you, or of you. I thought to myself, if *she* can see any good in him, the terrible thought I have got into my old head cannot surely be true. I would rather have believed myself to be in my dotage—much rather. But she thinks of you like the rest—like all the rest."

"I don't know who you mean by all the rest, sir," answered William angrily; "but there are people in this house who know very well upon which side their bread is buttered. There's Miss Ellen, for one—"

"Hush, hush, sir!" interrupted Anthony, with dignity. "I will not have a word said against Ellen. She has no fault except that she is not a man—my grandson instead of my grand-daughter."

"Well, that change is not likely to happen, is it?" inquired William.

"There's your mother likes you, to be sure," continued the old man, taking no

notice of this playful rejoinder. "That would be something, if she were not your mother."

"The old cuss has lost his last wits," thought William to himself. "If Ellen was his grandson, and his wife were not my mother! He has become a drivelling idiot."

"And yet, God knows, I would give forty thousand pounds, ay, and house and land, and all I have in the world, not to believe it of you. — Don't come nearer, sir; keep where you are."

At the mention of so large a sum William had involuntarily hitched his chair a little nearer to his father. Notwithstanding his doubts of the old man's mental capacity, he shrewdly and justly suspected that the figures of the sum mentioned, as being at the Squire's disposal, were tolerably correct, and he felt himself irresistibly attracted towards the possessor of such a sum of ready money, and inclined to conciliate him at any cost. Even the most sullen of misanthropes will endeavour to make himself agreeable if the temptation is strong enough. But the tone of his father's speech was far more forbidding even than the words themselves; and his manner had a certain loathing and shrinking in it, which, though he knew he was no favourite, he could not at all explain, and which frightened him a little, notwithstanding that he once more murmured to himself: "He is out of his wits, that's all."

"What could the old fool be driving at? and why did he keep him at a distance thus, as though his touch, and even his nearness, carried contagion?"

Anthony's eyes had returned to the Blackburn pedigree, and it was fully a minute before he spoke again.

"If I ask you one question, William, will you answer me truly—just the truth, and no more? These men here, your forefathers as well as mine, were men of their word. It used to be said, though they had their faults: 'As sure as a Blackburn's words:' and perhaps this one virtue may remain in you yet, notwithstanding—But no; that is impossible;" and the white head and beard shook slowly from side to side.

"What is it you mean, sir?" interposed William with simulated indignation. "I tell no more lies than my neighbours. If you come to that, you are not so particular about truth-telling yourself, it strikes me, since Mr. Waller is such a friend of yours. You don't suppose that the soft-spoken gentleman never tells a lie, do you? And

Lawyer Moffat, too, he's another; and there's plenty more I could tell off on my fingers, if" —

"How did Bess really die, William?"

The effect of this sudden and most unexpected question was curious enough. Not only did he to whom it was put remain silent, with his lips apart and his face of an ashen paleness, but the questioner also turned as ghostly as himself. In the case of the former, this was explicable; for the old Squire had never before evinced the slightest interest in his daughter-in-law's supposed fate, any more than he had in her while she was alive; and as for other folks, William had easily silenced their inquiries as to detail with a few sullen words. Nobody cares to press a bad-natured man upon a distasteful matter, as the widower had taken care to show this was to him; and when his mother had been inclined to be curious, he had treated her successfully, much as he had treated the jail chaplain: "Don't ask me about poor Bess, mother; the subject is too distressing to me. Her end was peace, and let that content you." Which it did, and the more so, since the nature of the reply convinced her how much there was of good in the character of her darling son, though many doubted it, because, forsooth, it did not always crop out upon the surface.

Thus Mr. William, who, according to his promise at the harsh meeting, had transmitted to his wife the considerable sum of money paid to him by Richardson, had begun to consider the existence of Bess as an obstacle surmounted, a matter that was not to trouble him more; and this sudden reference to her from so unexpected a quarter embarrassed him exceedingly. What could it matter to his father how she died? and especially how could it so matter that the mere anxiety for the reply should change his face, so that it seemed more like that of a dead man, — but for that same shrinking, loathing look which had come out afresh and more marked even than before, — than that of the once ruddy Squire? He felt more alarmed and more at a loss for an answer than if the old man had asked him: "Is your wife really dead?" Of course he had crudely contrived the story of her death, before he had ventured home. She had died of consumption (with which she had long been supposed to be threatened), and he had nursed her for many a long day and night. Not much of detail could be expected of such an end, and little, as we have said, had been asked for. But now, not only had inquiry thus

unexpectedly arisen, but one which seemed to discredit his own statement.

"How did Bess really die, William?"

Absolutely nothing occurred to his conscience-stricken mind, at the moment, except procrastination; for evidently his father was in possession of some important fact, and the want of accord with it in his reply might be fraught with danger to his dearest hopes. He was as much in love with Lucy Waller as his coarse and selfish nature permitted him to be, and he was not going to own to any one that Bess was living, until he was absolutely obliged.

"Well, it is a very distressing story, father."

"I ask, how did she die? If her end was such as you told your mother, there must have been a certificate of death; let me have *that*. But no; you are not to be trusted. I will write for it to Formosa myself."

"You would give yourself a needless trouble, sir," replied William Blackburn slowly. He saw the danger looming large and near before him, and since there was a lie that lay ready at his tongue by which it might be evaded, he did not hesitate a moment to make use of it. "No such certificate exists; and since you press me so unmercifully — though I had hoped to spare myself so sad a story, — I must needs tell you why my poor wife was never buried."

The window was closed, and there was a fire on that late autumn day in the little room, yet the old man shivered, and seemed to shrink within himself.

"One moment, sir," said he in trembling tones. "You talk of sparing yourself; I am a very old and broken man; spare *me*. I do not know for certain what you are about to say. But if — if you are conscious in your mind — of something (and your face seems to tell me so) which it is better for your father not to hear — some act that no eyes save those of the All-seeing have witnessed, and which should make you hide yourself from the sight of man for ever, do not tell me the lie which your lips are about to frame. If you have any touch of feeling left for him that begat you, do not speak. I shall understand (Heaven help me!) your silence well enough. Go in peace, if God has peace to give you, and never darken these doors again. You shall have money without stint; but go; steal off at once; the money shall be sent wherever you appoint; but as you value your worthless life, dare not to pollute your mother's loving lips with a kiss of farewell."

The old Squire looked furtively up with

haggard eyes, and beheld on his son's face a look of the most genuine and unfeigned amazement.

"What!" continued he, with a strange tremulous joy, which seemed to pervade his very limbs as well as his speech, "is it possible that I deceive myself, that I have been racked and tortured for so long by a baseless suspicion? Speak, William, speak; and if you are innocent, if you have not done this deed, I swear I will forget all else you have done amiss, and only remember that you are my only son."

Perhaps there are no men so base, but that beneficent Fortune now and again affords them some opportunity of starting afresh in the race of life, less weighted than could reasonably be expected, by the transgressions of their Past. The unseaworthy and wretched bark on which they have been aboard so long, nears the land so close that it does but require one stride to be ashore and safe. They have had experience enough (as one would think) of the stormy sea, now raised on the froth of the wave, now sunk in its gloomy trough, and it needs but a moment's courage, one quick decisive step, to reach *terra firma*; and yet how seldom they take it! Such a chance now presented itself to William Blackburn, and he deliberately declined to avail himself of it. It had become possible for him, in a quite unexpected and not-to-be-hoped-for fashion, to be reconciled with his father; to have all old scores wiped out, no matter how heavy they might be (it was impossible, looking on his father's face, to doubt it), provided only that he should make a clean breast of it, and tell the truth. But the condition was too hard. It seemed so much easier to use the materials of the lie which he had, as it were, by him.

"I can make no sort of guess, father," said he coldly, "of the nature of the particular suspicion which you harbour against me just at present. You have been suspicious of me all my life, and more or less, as now, without cause. As to silence respecting my wife's death, I have no reason to keep silence except that which I have already mentioned, the desire to spare myself, but more particularly my mother, a painful narration. Poor Bess came to her end, not indeed by consumption, but after a much sadder fashion. Her death was the result of accident — poor soul, she was drowned."

There was a long pause, and a silence unbroken save by the autumn wind moaning at the casement, and a cinder dropping from the fire.

"At sea?" asked the old man, in a hol-

low voice, in which there was still the distant echo of a hope.

"No, sir, not at sea. When walking in the dusk about Formosa, she fell down a steep and terrible place they call the well-hole" —

Anthony Blackburn rose with a piercing cry, and tottered to the window-corner, as though to put as great a space as possible between him and his son.

"You lie, you lie!" cried he; "she did not fall. You pushed her down. I heard it from your own lips the other night, when you were raving. You told the truth then; yes, you did — you did. Murderer! murderer!"

The window was violently thrown open from the outside, and Herbert Stanhope strode over the sill.

"What is the matter, Mr. Blackburn? has this fellow dared to strike you?"

Old Anthony had sunk upon the ground, his shoulders only supported by the angle of the wall. His limbs hung strangely loose and still, and his lip was drawn upon one side; but still he made shift to speak. "No, no; he has not smitten me; it is Heaven that has smitten me. — Keep near me, Stanhope — keep quite close — and send him away out of my sight for ever."

CHAPTER XXV.

JENNINGS' LEASE.

DOCTORS were summoned, of course, from far and near; they came, and went, taking their fees with them, but leaving the old Squire of Redcombe precisely as they found him, alive and likely to live, so far as continuance of breath was concerned, but a wreck in mind and body. One side of him was totally paralysed. The stalwart limbs that had borne him so bravely through so many hardships, the giant arms that had been wont to lift such weights and strike such blows, were to do work no more. Even his speech, which for a time had wandered with a vague indistinctness only too consonant with his dim and confused thoughts, had ceased to be intelligible. Only his eyes were still quick and restless, and evinced such evident loathing and repugnance at his son's presence, that the doctors had forbidden his approach to the sick-room. It was quite usual, they said (for what will they *not* say upon occasion?), for a person thus afflicted to take unaccountable aversions to those who were nearest and dearest to him. They received Mr. William's account of his parent's seizure with the most grave credulity. He said

that his father and himself were having some slight disagreement—it could scarcely be called a dispute—about the letting of the Home Farm, as to the tenant's right of shooting game, when all of a sudden the old man had started up, with cries of "Away, away!" and "Don't come near me!" and then had fallen on the floor. That was absolutely all that had occurred.

The great Dr. Fleam, and the great Dr. Pulsatilla, who had each founded schools of medicine diametrically opposed to each other, were unanimous with the local practitioner that such cases were by no means uncommon—that is, they were so when interrogated by ignorant, anxious Mrs Blackburn. When the three medicos were alone, Dr. Fleam had quietly observed, and Dr. Pulsatilla had gravely nodded his adhesion to the pregnant inquiry: "Do you think it likely, Mr. Allcote, that there was any actual physical violence?"

The local practitioner, sitting, with an air of much deference, upon the extreme edge of his chair, had replied: "I think *not*, gentlemen—I really think *not*. Mr. Stanhope informs me that he put that question to Mr. Blackburn at the same time, and it was answered in the negative."

As the final result of the consultation, an electric battery was sent down from town, which was so far of use that its presence terrified the servants from approaching their master's room; and perfect quiet, it was decreed, was above all things necessary to him. Finally, so great were the resources of science, that a slate and pencil were provided, in case the invalid should recover the use of his fingers and be able to express his thoughts.

Thus Redcombe Manor became an hospital, and also in a sense, to one of its inmates at least, a prison. Lucy Waller was as fast bound and tied to the spot as the Squire himself; for, urged her father, would it not be the height of ungraciousness to leave the hospitable old man in so sad a plight, when her occasional presence (as it evidently did) afforded him pleasure. But he did not also add, that the storm which had been so long threatening his own affairs had burst, and would have sunk him altogether but for the rumoured engagement of his daughter to William Blackburn, with which he pacified his more pressing claimants, as with a promise to pay. So long as he remained with her beneath the Squire's roof, these bills on the Bank of Expectation might obtain currency and credit; but should he leave it, his creditors, he was well aware, would begin to question the security.

To her father's arguments in favour of re-

maining at the Manor, Ellen's entreaties were added, to whom indeed Lucy's companionship was become more than ever grateful. After long watches by her mute grandfather's pillow, it was a relief indeed to take a brisk walk with her friend (for it had become too cold for croquet), or to seek with her that common ally, the piano, or to hear her clear voice read aloud the literature to which her own youth in its chill poverty had been a stranger, but which Lucy had taught her to love. In one respect, although their affection was so genuine, their friendship differed from that between most young ladies. At night, when they repaired to one another's rooms to brush out their back-hair—an operation which (perhaps from its electrical nature) has commonly quite a magical effect in eliciting mutual confidences—they did not speak to one another with total unreserve: perhaps one or both had a secret of her own which she wished to preserve, or perhaps it was only that they tacitly agreed to keep silence upon certain topics.

Herbert Stanhope of course remained at Redcombe. The Squire's "Keep near me"—the last intelligible request he had made—was an invitation so pressing that it might almost have salved his conscience for continuing there, notwithstanding the mercenaryness of his scheme, and the very moderate hope of its success. He knew that it was base, as a once rejected and still unwelcome suitor, to inflict his presence upon the daughter of the house; but, on the other hand, was he not useful to her, as indeed he was to all the rest, as friend and protector? Without him what anarchy would there not have been at the Manor, with coarse William as Lord of Misrule? Even Mrs. Blackburn, who saw the velvet glove without guessing at the hand of steel, confessed that nobody understood her Willy so well as Mr. Stanhope. As for her husband, he was still eloquent, so far as eyes could speak, in his regard for the young man. They followed him with eager restless looks, and glanced from him to Ellen and from Ellen to him in a manner so wistful as to be unmistakable. To do Stanhope justice, he took no advantage of this favour to urge his suit, but seemed content to trust to time and its effects, the impression produced by his respectful but unceasing attention, his dexterous management of the common tyrant, and his delicate consideration for his host and hostess, evinced in a hundred ways. Since he was present, and this John Denton away, he must, he concluded, surely be making progress, while the other receded in the young girl's good graces, or at most

stood still; and one day it could not be but that he must needs get level with his rival, and the next day pass him. That is how one man always does cut out another with a woman, as "Sporting Dawlish" had observed in one of his practical, philosophic letters.

That gentleman's correspondence had of late, however, become less philosophic than practical. He had hinted that his friend was making too much of a waiting race with the Blackburn filly, and had better go in and win. He had himself given a sop here and a sop there—and, so far as he was concerned, "Herby" was quite welcome to the temporary accommodation—but nothing would prevent "people talking," and very unpleasant things had begun to be said. The absence of his friend from his usual haunts during the end of autumn had been commented upon without much scruple, and although Dawlish softened the expressions, he rendered them with sufficient faithfulness to prick his correspondent's pride—as he intended to do—to the very quick. Stanhope already owed Dawlish himself, for these friendly advances, more money than he could pay without parting with that remnant of the Curlew Hall estate which he could still call his own—and these advances were mere drops in his ocean of debts, the burden of which sat none the more lightly upon him because they could not be exacted by the law. If his present intentions were dishonourable, it must be conceded that his chief desire for their success arose from a certain sort of honour too—very much (though he would not have relished the parallel) as King Herod kept his royal word at the expense of his captive.

By help of the hold which Stanhope possessed over William Blackburn, he could doubtless have squeezed out of him a temporary loan, had that gentleman possessed the money; but he was, in truth, almost as much in want of funds, or at all events as destitute of them, as either of his father's guests, a fact which Mr Waller had ascertained by practical experiment. The ex-M.P., on the presumption of their future relationship, had actually attempted to borrow of his possible son-in-law, and failed. Fortunately for herself, Lucy was ignorant of the degradation she had thus been subjected to, nor did she suffer from it (as would otherwise have certainly been the case) in the increased familiarity of the young Squire's manner, from a reason with which we are acquainted. If he did not persecute her with marked attentions, it was because he did not dare bring matters to the point at which he must needs ac-

knowledge himself as a suitor for her hand. Although, by having cut himself loose from his matrimonial moorings, he might indeed win a bride, he could of course not wear one; while Bess was alive, no matter how cruelly he had menaced her, or how sternly he had enjoined silence, he could never marry. There was not a day in which he did not secretly regret that he had not put that murderous scheme of his into execution, and made himself a free man in fact, and not merely in appearance. If those ravings of his, the listening to which had wrecked old Anthony in body and mind, had only been true! As it was, he had all the credit with his father of having put an end to Bess, with no sort of compensating advantage. If the Squire should recover his wits, the first use he made of them would doubtless be to settle on him some sum which, compared with his reasonable expectations, would be a mere pittance for life, and to exile him from Redcombe, and probably from England, for ever. While, in case of the invalid dying without sign (as seemed by far the most probable), he would still be left by the old man's will without adequate, or, at all events, as compared with Ellen, proportionate provision. That a will that did thus unjustly distribute the family property was in existence, he knew for certain. The Squire himself had as good as owned it. Lawyer Moffat, whom he had had the imprudence to rudely interrogate upon the matter, had not denied it. He had only said: "You had better direct your inquiries to your father, sir. If the will were in my possession, it would be most dishonourable in me to accede to your request" (for William had even asked to see it); "but, as a matter of fact, I have not got it."

The lawyer had spoken with an irritation apart from that which his question had aroused; for one of the first acts of old Anthony, upon his coming to Redcombe, had been to transfer all the family documents from Mr. Moffat's keeping to his own. Perhaps he feared that his scapegrace son might, one day or other, tamper with his agent, as indeed he would certainly not have hesitated to do, had the opportunity been afforded to him; or perhaps he preferred to hold in his own hands the title-deeds of his house, to have tangible possession of what had so long been a mere dream of wealth. But, at all events, much to Mr. Moffat's chagrin, he had carried off the fire-proof box labelled "Blackburn Estate," which had so long been the chief pride and ornament of "the office," and placed it in his bedroom at home. He had also retained possession of his own will. The lawyer's

manner convinced William Blackburn, even more than his words, that he had in truth not got it, and in fact, that it was somewhere at the Manor-house. But if so, where had the old Squire hid it? In what particular spot was this piece of parchment, the existence of which debarred him from his just rights, and the destruction of which would restore them to him — make him his father's sole heir? Truly, a pregnant question.

Since the old man's seizure, months had now elapsed, during which Mr. William, debarred by the doctor's orders from the sick-room, and left a good deal to himself by the presence there of the rest of the family, had had much indoor leisure, and he had consumed it in a singular fashion. The time he had spared from billiards with Mr. Waller and brandy-and-water with himself had been devoted to hide-and-seek. As in that innocent game, the seeker had had no desire (at present) for the object itself — for his father might recover and inquire for it — but merely to know where it was. He searched high and low, in places probable and in places almost impossible, but he could not find it. He did not even know whether he had ever been near finding it, since there was nobody to tell him when he was "warm." But, after all, he was not seriously disappointed, since the most promising cover remained yet undrawn. One of the most likely places where the Squire would keep his will was in that same strong-box in his own bedroom, and that, in the present case, was the very spot which his son was personally unable to explore. His native cunning, however, after much counsel with himself, enabled him to get this done by deputy. There had been really some disagreement between his father and himself (although not at the date he had assigned to it) concerning the right of shooting enjoyed by the tenant of the Home Farm, and he easily contrived to make out to Mrs. Blackburn that the matter was a serious grievance. It was nothing to him personally, he said, but it was very irritating to feel that the Squire's good-nature was being imposed upon. He was unwilling to trouble that fellow Moffat (who had behaved to him so disrespectfully), but if he could only see a copy of the lease in question, one look at it would decide the matter at issue. It was probably in the strong-box in his father's chamber, along with the other law documents, and he would be much obliged if his mother would just get it out for him.

She had replied, as he had expected, that for her part she did not know one law doc-

ument from another. "Then," said he, "some night, when you are keeping watch alone, bring them all to me, and in half an hour you shall have them back again."

"But I hardly think, if your poor father were aware, Willy, that he would like me to meddle with the box," hesitated Mrs. Blackburn, who, with all her weakness for her son, was loyal to the husband of her youth. "I have never done anything on the sly, as it were, nor against him; and now that his poor wits are wandering — no no, I could never take advantage of that, Willy."

"But, mother, I am only asking you to do something for his own good; something which, if he was right in his mind, and fit to form a judgment upon things, he would wish done himself. I tell you, he has been imposed upon by Farmer Jennings, and that ought not to be. Nor is he the only one who has imposed upon father of late, as you well know. There is a regular cabal in the house against you and me, because we stand always together, we two."

"As we always shall, my darling," added his mother gratefully, for it was not often that her son exhibited such affection.

"Well, let us do so now, then," said practical William. "You must get me a glimpse of these papers, and also take care that no one sees you doing it. They are all jealous of my 'interference,' as they choose to term the interest I take in my father's affairs, which are surely also my own, and yet how long is the estate to go without a master? It is impossible to say when father may recover, even if he recover at all, and in the meantime everything is at Mr. Moffat's mercy."

"But everybody says Mr. Moffat is an honest man, Willy. Mr. Waller, who has been his neighbour so long" —

"Yes, yes; but has he no reason for saying so?" broke in William impatiently — "no interest in letting things be as they are? Why, Waller could always wind my father round his little finger, and will do so more than ever, if the old man should flicker up a little."

"But Mr. Stanhope, who is such a friend of yours, Willy, even he says" —

"He says," hissed the other savagely. "You might as well say 'Ellen says' at once. Oh yes, he is my friend with a vengeance; such a friend as would strip me bare and wear my clothes. They would stick at no lie to do it. If either of them saw you bringing me the papers, that would be the ruin of me, mind that. And yet, as I said, there is no harm in it, but only good. — Now, don't argue about it, mother; be-

cause, you know, I hate to be argued with. It's only the lease I want, and even that only to look at. You shall have all back in half an hour or less. — When is it you have to watch with father next?"

"I shall be left alone with him from twelve to-night, 'William'" — that was the only form which his mother's displeasure ever took: when some request was made of her more unreasonable than usual, she would call him (but still granting it,) instead of Willy, "William."

"Then bring me the papers at two; I shall be waiting for them in my room. Be sure there is nobody stirring; and close the strong-box softly, so as not to wake father. There, that's well; and now I know you really love me."

"I think you might have known that before, Willy," sighed Mrs. Blackburn. She felt she was about to do wrong, and yet she could not — perhaps, though she did not even own it to herself, she dared not — refuse her son. In the middle of the night, then, when all the household, including the invalid himself, were asleep, she rose softly from the sofa-bed by her husband's side, and opened the strong-box, the key of which, always kept in a cupboard in "the Squire's Room," William had given to her. There were a good many documents in the box, but she managed to wrap them all in a towel, and carry them to her son's room: "There are fifteen," whispered she, as she gave them into his hands.

"Why should you have counted them? You did not suppose I meant to steal any, did you?" was his harsh reply.

She had not, in fact, entertained any such suspicion; but when he spoke thus, her heart misgave her; not on her son's account, even then, but on her own. She felt more than ever that she was doing wrong; for if William could hint such a suspicion of himself, what might not others hint if the thing were discovered? At the time appointed she returned to his room. He was waiting for her with the parcel. "Jennings was right," said he; "but I am glad the matter is set at rest." Yet his tone was full of sullen disappointment, and his face pale. Something, indeed, so strange was there both in tone and face, that before returning the documents to their receptacle, Mrs. Blackburn found herself counting them over, and a sigh of relief involuntarily escaped her when she found the fifteen were there. As she closed the lid, she looked round mechanically, and by the dim glimmer of the night-light, she could see her husband's eyes, which she had thought fast closed, fixed earnestly upon her. Their

look of keen reproof cut to her very heart!

"Have we been man and wife for fifty years," it seemed to say, "to be sundered thus at last!"

"I meant no harm, dear Anthony," answered she to this mute appeal, falling upon her knees beside his pillow. "It was only Jennings' lease, that Willy wanted to look at, and which he has been seeking for high and low; indeed, that was all."

But the poor fading brain could, as it seemed, comprehend nothing about Jennings' lease; it could only understand, and continue by that reproachful gaze to show that it understood, how old age and sickness, and the visitation of God, had been taken advantage of by one who had sworn to be faithful and true, notwithstanding all such things. She knelt for hours trying to comfort him, not without repentant kisses, bitter tears, but old Anthony would not be comforted. He had "flickered ~~was~~" as William had phrased it, with a vengeance; and his wife instead of longing — as the watcher even more than the sick man is wont to long — for the morning, dreaded its coming, since others must then needs behold those reproachful eyes, and ask their meaning.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SQUIRE SPEAKS.

It was plain to all who sought the sick-room that day — and it was the morning custom even of his guests to look in with a kind nod and a smile, of which the old man seemed generally to be more or less conscious — that there was some change in the Squire's face. It was wont to be so still and quiet, immobile as a sculpture, always excepting the eyes — and now the wrinkled features were twitching and perturbed. Love and Duty, helped by Use, had hitherto been able to decipher his mute requests and supply his simple needs; but now they were at fault. It was plain that there was something wanted for which that scanty language had no sign. Wanted? Nay, yearned for. It was impossible to misunderstand him so far. And yet how to satisfy an unknown desire? There were sharp wits at work to interpret for him too. Not only his wife, repentant for the pain she had involuntarily caused him, and eager to make amends; and Ellen, whose loving eyes had ever been quickest to flash responsive to his dumb appeals; but Lucy Waller, always composed and prompt; and her father, who knew men so well, and all their needs, as he fancied — but not men in such

a strait as this, and *their* needs; and Herbert Stanhope, keen and observant, and as willing as Ellen herself. He was really touched by the old man's condition, and could not regard it in the philosophic and abstract way that Mr. Waller was wont to do over his after-breakfast cigar.

"Gad, sir, it's terrible," that gentleman would observe. "One has heard of one leg in the grave; but our poor friend yonder has everything in the grave except his eyes. It is as you might say, death in life; and there is no knowing how long it may last, for he is but about seventy. It would be a happy release to him, one might almost say, if he were to have done with it all."

Some men are like the crows, who, when any of their brethren are smitten (or seem to be so (with a mortal disease, adopt at once the "Happy Release" theory. And yet Mr. Waller was by no means a heartless person, and was a very good-natured one. He cudgelled his subtle brains as soundly as the rest to get at the poor Squire's meaning, and would have given what he had to discover it. Mrs. Blackburn, not without an inward struggle and a blush in her withered cheeks, had pointed to the strong-box, and even shown her husband its contents, in case it was concerning them and their safety that those still piteous glances were so anxious. But Anthony closed his eyes, in token that his need did not lie there, and then opened them again, to rove from face to face with the same urgent inquiry as before. Mr. Allcase had been sent for in the first instance, but he had been summoned away on some parochial emergency, in the night, so that Science was not at hand to solve the difficulty, which it probably might have done. It has been said, indeed, by some one, doubtless who owed medicine a bad turn: "Leave Nature to herself" (as though she were a child in a passion), "and she will come round;" but surely there are cases where skill can hasten her movements. Thus a doctor might have drawn at once a deduction from the poor Squire's altered features, which it took unlearned helpfulness hours to draw.

"Do you think, grandfather," said Ellen, driven to her wits' end, and when all were weary with touching and pointing and asking "Is it this?" Is it that?" "that you could write down the first letter, if I brought you *the slate*?"

This implement had been tried and found useless so often, that it had long ago been thrown aside, and even placed in another room. Scarce a muscle of poor old Anthony — save a certain involuntary twitch-

ing of the mouth — had stirred for months, and far less a finger. But no sooner did Ellen utter the word "*slate*," than, like fire to flax, it lit up the white bearded face with eager joy.

Eureka! The problem was solved so far, at all events. They brought slate and pencil, and released his nerveless hands from the clothes that covered them, and propped him up with pillows, and watched as men of old might have watched at some Sibyl's cave for her vague prophecy; and scarce could one of her leaf-inscribed mysteries, after the wind had taken the rest, have been more difficult and inscrutable. He strove, and strove; but only could you trace some wandering scratches, a spider-web scrawl with the meaning strangled in it like any fly. And yet it was so pitifully plain that it *had* a meaning, though not the eyes of love, nor even those of dearest compositor (had such been there), could decipher it.

"I have it!" cried Ellen, suddenly; and fleeing from the room, she returned at once with a worn and dog's-eared little volume. It was a relic of those so different days when she had been pupil-teacher at the village school under Slogan, and was in fact a spelling-book. She opened it at the alphabet, great A, great B, from which so many lisping little ones had learned their first lesson; and now she was to teach it once again to one in *second*-childhood, upon the threshold of life, indeed, like them, but about to *leave* it. The rest stood round her, keeping an anxious silence as she held the open book before her grandfather, and touched the letters slowly with the pencil one by one.

"When I come to the first letter of the thing you wish for, grandfather, dear," she had said, "you must close your eyes."

She had gone over half of them, and still though his eyes had seemed to follow her every movement, they had given no sign.

"It is too much for him," whispered Mr. Waller to Stanhope; "I doubt whether he comprehends at all;" and indeed so Stanhope and the rest thought; but the faithful fingers pursued their task nevertheless to the end, or rather just short of the end, when they were rewarded, for, at the letter W, Anthony's eyelids dropped.

"Does the thing you wish for begin with W, grandfather?"

No placard, the most plainly printed, that was ever stuck on wall could have been read more easily than that earnest glance of his "Yes, yes."

Ellen had thus discovered, as it seemed,

provided that only this new-born intelligence of the old man should last, a mode of interpretation for all his thoughts. But *would* it last? The Squire's brain had been quickened into activity by a circumstance, the precise nature of which only one person present could have indicated. Had it been awakened only to sink back into torpor, since the incident that aroused it was not likely to recur? The sick man already appeared much fatigued, as with his unaccustomed exertions, not to mention those hours of untranslated anxiety, he well might be, and it was evident that only by effort could he keep his attention fixed on the task before him, but he did do so, so far as to spell out the first four letters of his son's name—W, I, L, L—without which indication of his wishes they would certainly not have been guessed. Then his eyes closed, as though he had done enough for that day, and he sank back, as if exhausted.

Then a council was held as to whether or not William should be sent for: Mrs. Blackburn opining that he should be, since the Squire was so evidently desirous for reconciliation with him; but the rest, unwilling to act in such direct contradiction to the doctors' orders, opposed this. Finally, it was resolved to await, at all events, the arrival of Mr. Allcase.

The surgeon declined positively to undertake the responsibility of disobeying his metropolitan chiefs. They had declared it to be their opinion that it would be highly dangerous, and might be even fatal to the patient, to permit access of the person who (whether willfully or not) had been the immediate cause of his seizure, and at whose approach he had since shown evident marks of perturbation.

"But my husband has asked to see him," urged Mrs. Blackburn.

Mr. Allcase smiled blandly, and shook his head.

His practice was a general one, but had not included examination of the paralytic by alphabet. He had listened to the whole account—as he was accustomed to listen to the extraneous detail of the sick-room, unprofessional opinions, and new and miraculous methods of treatment—with good-natured incredulity.

"It is very natural in you, my dear madam, to imagine that Mr. Blackburn has expressed the wish in question; but in my opinion the whole affair is a delusion. He has not for three months been in a condition to entertain such a desire, much less to express it, although what you tell me of his attempting to write is very curious, very

curious indeed. The brain may be active, but it is only mechanically so. Miss Ellen here is about to give him his cordial, which will put him, for the moment, at his best. Let her ask him, in my presence, whether he is of the same mind with respect to his son William; if he still wishes not to see him. If so, let him close his eyes, in token thereof, as you say it was understood he should do on the previous occasion."

Mrs. Blackburn was eager for this test; and the poor Squire being propped up as usual, while Ellen administered the potion, the question was put to him, as well as the proposed method of reply.

"Do you still wish not to see Uncle William, grandfather?"

The Squire closed his eyes and kept them fast, notwithstanding that quite a murmur of surprise broke forth from the women-folk.

"There!" said the doctor, with quiet triumph; "did I not tell you so? My dear madam, it is folly to be annoyed by such an incident" (for the poor lady had turned very pale)—"these are not even the caprices of a sick man. Mr. Blackburn would have closed his eyes from very weakness, no matter what question you had proposed to him. For my part, I confess that at present I see no alteration in our poor patient. There is nothing for it, till some change occurs, but the same course of treatment rest and quiet, quiet and rest: and you will forgive me if I hint—though it seems cruel to deprive one in his position of the society of a single friend—that there must not be too many people about him at a time." And with that Mr. Allcase, who was a man of action, and would never have made a fortune in Mayfair, took his leave, and proceeded as usual to make his report below stairs, nominally to Mr. Williams but in fact to Mr. Waller and Stanhope.

There is no trade in which the professional has so decided an advantage over the layman as in physic. Few can gainsay him; for intelligent men, who, masters of their own calling, are inclined to credit others with the same knowledge of their proper affairs, have often but slight acquaintance with the phenomena of the sick room. Still, Mr. Allcase did not find his present audience so easy of conviction as the last. They stuck to it that the Squire had been in full possession of his wits, whatever might have been amiss with speech and movement, when he had spelled out the beginning of his son's name that morning.

"My good sir, we must believe the evidence of our own senses," urged Mr. Waller.

The surgeon's smile was pregnant with pity and good nature.

"Why, you are worse than Gibbon, Mr. Allcase. You refuse to believe a miracle, because it is contrary to your mere medical experience."

"I don't know to what precise circumstance you are referring, Mr. Waller; but I should say that Dr. Gibbon was right."

"Nay," added Stanhope; "why, one of the best scenes that Dumas ever wrote is where the paralytic old Noirtier, assisted by his grand-daughter — just as it might be Mr. Blackburn and Miss Ellen — makes his will by merely winking his eyes."

"I don't suppose Mr. Dumas is a medical man," observed the surgeon drily. "If the patient he describes had winked with one eye, and pointed over his left shoulder, I could have understood what was meant."

Good-morning, gentlemen, for I have no more time to spare for your experimental philosophy." And he mounted his cob, and rode away as his custom was, at the gallop.

"There's a sceptic for you," observed Stanhope laughing; "and yet I suppose the man is right. He ought to know what he's talking about; and, besides, it appears that Mr. Blackburn did decline to see his son, by the same token that we took for" —

"My dear Stanhope, I've got it," interposed Mr. Waller gravely. "Allcase is a mere fanatic, with the *Pharmacopœia* for a Bible; but he is right thus far — that it is not his son whom Blackburn wishes to see. Perhaps I should never have hit upon it (although he spoke as plain as letters could speak, poor fellow), if it had not been for your chance allusion to Dumas. What the Squire wants to see is not William, but his WILL. Now, the question is, where is it?"

A REMARKABLE instance of the effect of pine-trees on the soil in which they grow has been published in the Woods and Waters Reports of the north of France. A forest near Valenciennes, comprising about eighteen hundred acres of scrub and stunted oak and birch, was grubbed up in 1843, and replaced by Scotch firs (*Pinus sylvestris*). The soil, composed of silicious sands mingled with a small quantity of clay, was in some places very wet; it contained two or three springs, from one of which flowed a small stream. The firs succeeded beyond expectation, and large handsome stems now grow vigorously over the whole ground. It was in the early stages of their growth that the remarkable effect above referred to was noticed. The soil began to dry; the snipes that once frequented the place migrated to a more congenial locality; the ground became drier and drier, until at last the springs and the stream ceased to flow. Deep trenches were dug to lay open the sources of the springs, and discover the cause of the drying up; but nothing was found except that the roots of the firs had penetrated the earth to a depth of five or six feet. Borings were then made; and six feet below the source of the spring, a bed of water was met with of considerable depth, from which, it was inferred, the spring had formerly been fed. But in what way its level had been lowered by the action of the firs could not be determined, and is still a matter of speculation. But the fact remains, and may be utilized by any one interested in tree-culture. For years it has been turned to account in Gascony, where the lagoons that intersect the sandy dunes have been

dried up by planting the *Pinus maritimus* along their margin. Hence we may arrive at the conclusion that while leafy trees feed springs, and maintain the moisture of the soil, the contrary function is reserved for spine or needle bearing trees, which dry the soil, and improve its quality. Our War Office might perhaps do well to take note thereof, seeing that the forts now building at the mouth of the Medway show a tendency to sink into the soft marshy soil. If the ground can be consolidated by plantations of the maritime pine, it would be good economy to have them planted.

Chambers' Journal.

THE PREPARATION OF ARTIFICIAL EBONY. — This substance is now being manufactured on a tolerably extensive scale. It is prepared, says a contemporary, by taking sixty parts of seaweed charcoal, obtained by treating the seaweed for two hours in dilute sulphuric acid; then drying and grinding it and adding to it ten parts of liquid glue, five parts gutta-percha, and two and a half parts of india-rubber, the last two dissolved in naphtha; then adding ten parts of coal tar, five parts pulverized sulphur, two parts pulverized alum, and five parts of powdered resin, and heating the mixture to about 300 deg. Fah. We thus obtain, after the mass has become cold, a material which in colour, hardness, and capability of taking a polish, is equal in every respect to ebony, and much cheaper.

Popular Science Review.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
CHILDREN'S LITERATURE OF THE LAST
CENTURY.

BY MISS YONGE.

II. DIDACTIC FICTION.

THE reign of didactic fiction for children was inaugurated by the Edgeworth family, who produced a great and lasting effect upon education and juvenile study. It is always difficult to believe that they were Irish, so unlike was the whole tone of character to the ordinary national one, except in a certain ardour and intolerance. Richard Lovell Edgeworth, husband to four wives in succession, father of twenty children, and with a true genius in his eldest daughter, had certainly unusual facilities for studying "practical education," and between himself and his daughter Maria much that was really wise and valuable was enunciated, though mixed with a good deal that was absurd and pragmatism. He was the first who impressed the public mind with the seemingly wise but excessively foolish maxim, that nothing should be taught to children that they cannot understand. It is almost inconceivable that a man with so many young people around him should have been so utterly blind to that curiously disproportionate power of memory with which childhood is gifted, as if for the very purpose of accumulating stores for future use, as well as to the almost equal delight in the mysterious and half comprehended. Such instincts are absolutely condemned by him as either conceit or imitation, or the mere love of pretty sounds. He would allow children to enter no temple of wisdom that their own rushlight cannot thoroughly illuminate, to tread no path which their reason does not accept—never to be satisfied without replies to their ever-recurring "why and wherefore." Nothing is too grand, mysterious, and sacred, too precious or too important, to be either reduced to their level or ignored: the discipline of unquestioning obedience, the duty of enforced attention, the reverence of awe, the joy of beauty beyond comprehension, are all denied to them. In truth, Richard Edgeworth must have been singularly deficient either in imagination or sense of beauty. Looking back at the joint works of himself and his daughter, it is strange to find how little there is of sense of admiration. There is actual condemnation of any sort of purchase for the sake of pleasing the eye; the strongest appreciation of the beauties of scenery that we can remember is of the oaks of Wootton—of poetry, of Darwin's Botanic Garden, and of Pope's gaudy and

falsified translation of Homer's moonlight simile; music is never dwelt on, and even in childhood we were scandalized at the utter indifference to a picture-gallery supposed to be natural to the young, when we remembered gazing with strange dreamy delight at, among others, a copy of the Madonna della Sedia, at Paul Potter's Evening, and at Erminia and her shepherds in the National Gallery.

Practice was probably better than theory in Mr. Edgeworth. An able man, always instructing his children, and exciting them to activity of mind, he had no means of seeing that the never putting a spade into ground that could not easily be dug up, led to unwillingness ever to go deep; and that reading nothing not easily understood might be a habit retained through life. He did much by awakening attention in parents, and showing them useful methods; and his daughter, a genius far beyond himself, gave a life and animation to all his tenets, which carried them far and wide.

Their first joint juvenile work, the "Parent's Assistant," was, we believe, intended to supplement the "Evenings at Home." It is curious to see how Maria Edgeworth's dramatic power made this, compared with those little polished hard pebbles, a chain of bright crystals reflecting every phase of childhood in true and brilliant colours, but still—just not diamonds.

Another thing that is strange is, how such sticklers for accuracy and truth committed such strange pieces of negligence and ignorance as are to be found in the "Parent's Assistant." Had they no Eton friends to describe to them the absurdities of their Montem? Did they not know the Neapolitan nature better than to make the public opinion of the children drum out of the market-place a boy convicted of lying and cheating? Did they really suppose that, even in glass hives, bees amiably allowed their mistress to come, like "Simple Susan," with a spoon, and help herself to a slice of their comb without more ado; and did they imagine Hereford Cathedral* to be solely the charge of a church-warden? Was this the consequence of the father Edgeworth's complacency in his universal knowledge, or was it the effect of that generation's happy immunity from criticism?

Sir Walter Scott was a great admirer of "Simple Susan," and was heard to say that "when the boy brings back the lamb to the little girl, there is nothing for it but to put down the book and cry." We can imagine him to have worked up his own

* Popular Tales, "The Limerick Gloves."

feelings to this pitch when reading to his children, or mayhap to the gifted little Marjorie Fleming, who, amidst the much stronger (not to say tainted) meats mentioned in her diary, speaks of "Miss Egworth's tales" with passing approbation. In general, Maria seldom ventures on the pathetic, and only successfully in a few Irish portraits. Usually, she is as cold as she is clear, and perhaps is therefore all the more wholesome reading for children, whose susceptibilities are much better left unstirred by mere fiction. "Simple Susan," "Lazy Lawrence," the "Orphans," and "Waste not, Want not," are the best tales in the "Parent's Assistant." The Orphans, as well as the "scotching" children on the road to Dunstable, do indeed perform wonderful feats, but a belief in infinite possibility is dear to the young, and very good for them. Mademoiselle Panache is a portrait of a class of French governesses which we suppose existed in those days. It is only made good for children by the clever painting of the young Helen's hasty friendship, and foolish love of making trumpery presents—a fashion over-prevalent in our day. The "Fila-gree Basket" is thoroughly Edgeworthian. Poor Rosamond, who here first saw the light, is dumbfounded by her wise father and mother's inquiries, why a person's birthday should be kept more than any other day of her life; and her attempts at present-making are not directed, nor assisted, but permitted to stultify themselves. This was part of the system, and on her next appearance in "Early Lessons," this poor, ill-used child is, by way of wholesome lesson, allowed to give the price of a needful pair of shoes for a purple jar in a chemist's shop, without being warned that the colour is not resident in the glass, but only in the liquid within. If it ever happened, it was a most unjustifiable trick! Yet some of the lessons to Rosamond upon present or future enjoyment have lasted us our life. The minor morals of life have never been better treated than by Maria Edgeworth. "Principles," as she calls them—by which is meant religious faith producing obedience to moral precepts—are taken for granted; and the good sense honour, and expediency of life are the theme. It is a high-minded expediency, the best side of Epicureanism. Honesty is the best policy, but policy it always is: success is always the object and the reward, but it is not a showy, gaudy gratification of vanity, although it may be of pride. Truth and moral courage are evidently the favourite qualities, and honour is kept very

high and true. There is also a contempt for mere pleasures of the senses, which is very wholesome; a disdain for sugar-plums and fine clothes, which it would be well to renew in the present generation.

Something of this was due to the reaction in favour of simplicity that preceded the French Revolution. The grand severity of the classic philosopher was the ideal. The sight of the foul orgies of the French court and noblesse, and the still coarser and ruder revels of English rakes, made a strict regimen noble and beautiful in comparison. Every better instinct awoke in favour of the avoidance of all manner of excess. Religion, then reviving in a stern puritanical form, strongly supported this spirit of abstemiousness; with what effect is testified by our fine elderly men, slender eaters, often water drinkers, looking with disgust at food taken at irregular times, despising smoking simply on the ground of its being a mere bodily indulgence; and utterly unable to comprehend the theory of later times which prizes physical indulgence as a right and attribute of the complete human creature. Alcibiades, rather than Aurelius, has become the modern model.

But we have wandered from Richard Edgeworth and the pedantic maxims or proverbs which he set his daughter to illustrate, and between the narrow banks of which her bright genius flowed through the twelve volumes of "Popular, Moral, and Fashionable Tales." We wish that some of these could be published afresh, apart from the rest, for they are a great mixture, and some are by no means fitted for the young (for whom they were indeed not intended). "Manœuvring," "Vivian," "Ennuei," and "The Absentee," in "Fashionable Tales;" the "Bad French Governess," in "Moral Tales;" and the less known "Legacy," in "Popular Tales,"—are all admirable novelettes. "Lame Jervis" is much too interesting to be forgotten, and would be much liked by the lads of a parish library: and the "Good Aunt," the "Good French Governess," in "Moral Tales," "Emilie de Coulanges," and "Madame de Fleury" in the "fashionable" volumes would make a charming book for young people. The last of these is, we believe, a veritable history of a benevolent lady; and nothing can be better than the lesson in "Emilie de Coulanges" against spoiling generosity in great things by fretful exactions in little ones. There is something very touching in the manner in which the French emigrant noblesse occur in several of these

stories, with their distresses, their strange resources, and their unflinching cheerfulness; but Madame de Coulanges and her daughter Emilie are the best of all, the one in her frivolity, the other in her sweetness. Another capital story among the "Moral Tales" is the "L'Amie Inconnue," where the romantic girl absolutely runs away from home to throw herself into the arms of the authoress of certain Rosa Matilda novels, with whom she has enjoyed a sentimental correspondence. We believe the idea was taken from the "Female Quixote" (which, however, we have never seen), but it is carried out with more wit, and less caricature, than Mr. Paget's "Lucretia."

"Early Lessons" began under Mr. Edgeworth's superintendence, but by and by they developed into their far more charming sequels. Frank — though a little too much of an Edgeworthian Emile — is a real, fresh, bright boy, with his fits of idleness and self-improvement, his beloved pony Felix, his magnificent attempt at an orrery, and his regrets that he cannot be a self-taught genius. We have no doubt that he is exactly what a well-disposed Edgeworthian boy would be, and to our childhood he was a dear friend and companion. Rosamond is quite equal as a portrait, and some of the lessons to which she gives occasion still remain unapproached in excellence. Excuses, airs and graces, and false daring and timidity (see the Black Lane), are all treated with a light grace and good sense, perhaps, only surpassed in the "Conversations d'Emilie" mentioned above. We hear that children dislike these books now, as being dry. Is it the natural impatience of the last generation's fashions, or is it that they are too much used to sentiment, rapid incident, and broad fun, to appreciate quiet detail? As to "Harry and Lucy," a certain exertion of mind is necessary for reading it, and Scott, whose imaginative nature would naturally shrink from science and mechanics, laughed at it; but we hold to its real value. First principles are capitally explained, and better popularized than we have ever seen them elsewhere, and they are well relieved by characteristic sketches of that thorough girl Lucy, and her plodding, persevering brother. That long journey of theirs, through the Black Country and among the Staffordshire potteries, will long be memorable in our eyes, and all the more so because they travelled post in their own carriage, and relieved the way with sense and nonsense, ranging from Humboldt's travels to "the grand Panjan-

drum himself." Miss Edgeworth seldom came nearer to pathos than in the account of Harry's accident; and the day during his convalescence, when Lucy insisted on "feeding him on nothing but plums," has acted as a salutary warning to us through life.

These works of Maria Edgeworth's spread through a long space, reaching from the youth of the grandmothers to that of the mothers of the present generation. Their influence was very wide, and scarcely anything of equal importance rose up coevally with them, not at least in the same style. All the "story-books" of the period bear their impress, and have the same coldness without the same freshness. Even Mary Russell Mitford, though writing so deliciously of children, could not write *for* them. She saw them from outside, not from within, and her juvenile tales are not spontaneous overflows of good-humoured love of village nature seen through rose-coloured spectacles, but all smack of being done as task-work for the *Annals* that preceded the more modern magazines, of which there were none for children except a very clever "Juvenile Spectator." Mrs. Hofland was, perhaps, the most voluminous writer, but in general she wearisomely exaggerated the Edgeworth fashion of making children support the whole family by wonderful exertions and inventions. Now children have no objection to seeing themselves made valuable and important, but Mrs. Hofland's sons and daughters of genius do not remain children after the first few pages, and after exertions and successes beyond the reach of sympathy, pass into the uninteresting grown-up world. Her "Rich Boys and Poor Boys," and "Young Crusoe," seem to our memory her only really interesting books. But among all the juvenile library of this date, how shines out Mary Lamb's "Mrs. Leicester's School!" It is one of those books of real force and beauty that made a mark in our mind long, long ere we knew that books had authors, and that authors had different degrees of fame. The volume was not our own, but was devoured at a young companion's house, certainly before our eleventh year. The child leading her uncle to her mother's tombstone, the little changeling, the Mahomedan fever, the church bells that were taken for angels singing, all dwelt with us in a delightful dream, that we longed to renew, and when the next opportunity came it led to dire disgrace, for we sat a whole afternoon shut up in a book-cupboard with Mrs. Leicester's wonderful scholars, utterly unsocial and deaf to the more commonplace living compan-

ions. It is a book that is nearly safe from becoming forgotten. Another really clever book was Mrs. Penrose's "Mrs. Markham's Children's Friend," which contained some capital stories and dramas, with more of the element of fun than was often found in books of the time. An early production of Agnes Strickland (we believe) stands out in our mind as full of interest. It was called "The Rival Crusoes," and gave the story of a youth, who had been taken by a pressgang to oblige a tyrannical marquess, finding himself *tête-à-tête* on a desert island with the nobleman's midshipman son. How the two youths held aloof in pride and hatred, how they found themselves silently burying their comrades together, how they stalked apart in gloom, till Philip, missing Lord Robert, found him nearly dead of fever, and how they were fast friends long before they were rescued, is well told, and raises the book far above the ordinary desert island. "Leila," Miss Fraser Tytler's much-loved island story, is the most improbable of all. It is less good than her "Mary and Florence," her only real imagination, and the second and third parts are almost absurd from their crowd of improbabilities.

Worthy, too, was Mrs. Whateley's "Reverses, or the Fairfax Family," a book with something of the stiff wisdom of the time, but full of character, and almost historical from the picture of a voyage to, and settlement in, Canada before the days of steam. There are two excellent fairy tales, which are almost unique in their endeavour to treat fairies with proper respect to their traditions. For fifty years, fairyland had been under a ban. The reading of fairy tales had, from Madame de Genlis downwards, been treated as an intolerable folly; and if the poor things were mentioned at all, it was in the most arbitrary manner. Sometimes they became the torments of the naughty, sometimes the rewarders of the good, sometimes they were beneficent or malevolent old ladies, sometimes poor little sprites, loaded with priggishness. They became actual moral qualities, like Order and Disorder; kept halls of discipline, or, worse still, of science and natural history; and the only thing not dreamt of, was that they belonged to a beautiful and curious system of popular mythology, which it was a pity arbitrarily to confuse. Mrs. Whateley, however, from no doubt an innate sense of the fitness of things, made her fairies suit with genuine elfin lore, even while they had a moral, and a very good one.

In fact, we have omitted the first real good fairy book that had found its way to

England since "Puss in Boots" and Co.: we mean Mr. Edgar Taylor's translation and selection of Grimm's collection under the title of "German Popular Tales," with admirable illustrations by Cruikshank. Here was once again the true unadulterated fairy tale, and happy the child who was allowed to revel in it — perhaps the happier if under protest, and only permitted a sweet daily taste. We rejoice to see that the whole book, illustrations and all, has been reproduced by Mr. Hotten, with a preface by Mr. Ruskin. It is a much safer and better-weeded book than the fuller collection illustrated by Wehnert, and published by Addy, but without Mr. Taylor's excellent notes.

Croker's "Irish Tales" followed, and, though not professedly intended for children, were soon heartily loved. Once for all, let us state our opinion of fairy lore. It has become the fashion to speak of children and fairy tales as though they naturally belonged together, and so they do, but it is the genuine — we had almost said authentic — fairy tale, taken in moderation, that is the true delight of childhood. The trumpery, arbitrary, moral fairy only spoils the taste of the real article; and the burlesque fairyland is still worse, for its broad fun, slang, and modern allusion destroy the real poetry and romance of childhood, and foster that unnatural appetite for the facetious which is the bane of the young. Why should the lovely princes and princesses, the dreamy groves and glittering palaces, that childish imagination ought to revel in, and brighten its sense of the unseen, be made mere occasions for trumpery parodies, and lowered to make Cockneys laugh? The burlesque has found its way into children's literature, and is fast vulgarizing every sweet nook of fairyland, which has come to be considered as a mere field for pantomime. A real traditional fairy tale is a possession.

"Tales from the Norse" is nearly as good, in its way, as "German Popular Tales," and infinitely better in style; and we were lately edified by the delight which a family of young children took in Miss Frere's "Old Deccan," proving, we suppose, the congeniality of the Aryan tale. Mrs. Craik has made an excellent collection of old English fairy-tales in her "Book of Fairies" in the "Golden Treasury:" and with these, and those we have mentioned above, young people would be provided with the real classics of fairy lore, and would soon learn to regard them with the same sort of respect as the conclave of Olympus, with whom no one now-a-days

thinks of taking liberties. The pseudo-fairy, whether moral or comic, is an absolute injury to both taste and antiquarianism.

Far away, indeed, was the whole supernatural world banished by the educationalists who, in the track of Tutor, George, and Harry, in "Evenings at Home," strove to improve the young mind. Joyce's "Scientific Dialogues," and Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations on Chemistry," were as stiff as if they had not been broken into question and answer with names inserted; we believe they were sound and correct as far as they went, but the century has gone on too fast for them, and Mrs. Marcet is better known now by her "Seasons," the "Willie Book," as it is still tenderly called in many a nursery where it is the first step in literature beyond "Little Charles." And her "Mary's Grammar" is precious in the schoolroom.

Walks with fathers, uncles, mothers, maiden aunts and governesses, were made to teach everything imaginable,—commerce, mineralogy, the Wars of the Jews, botany, geography,—all being decorated with dainty little steel engravings, two or three in a page. We remember diligently extracting the small sandwiches of story, and carefully avoiding the improving substance. One successful writer may, however, be honourably mentioned,—Maria Hack. Her "Winter Evenings, or Tales of Travellers," are admirable, and are the more valuable now, as the books they are taken from have drifted out of reach. They are far the best of their class, and stand unrivalled even in these days. She likewise put a certain Harry Beaufoy through three series of conversations, diluting Paley's "Natural Theology," Keith's "Evidence of Prophecy," and geology at about the Buckland era. These are all delightful in their way. It was our "entering" with geology, and served as a foundation to all subsequently learnt. Her "True Stories from Ancient History," and ditto from modern, were also good in their line, the former the best, inasmuch as it is minced Rollin, while the other is only minced "Russell's Modern Europe." But they belong to a class whose commencement was with the ever memorable and fascinating "Tales of a Grandfather," a book thoroughly fulfilling its design of being easy enough for childhood, and yet of not being too puerile for manhood to be interested in. Its description of the removal of Bruce's remains always has seemed to us one of the most perfect specimens of simplicity and pathos that was ever produced. No child's history

has ever come near it for beauty; but then who could hope to write like Scott, and on his own familiar ground? Croker's "Stories from the History of England" comes nearest to it in charm of manner, but *longo intervallo*; and all the rest, Mrs. Markham's, Lady Calcott's, Miss Sewell's, and many more, though very good for those who want to learn history, do not teach history by their own charm. We mean Lady Calcott's "Spain." Her "Little Arthur's England," though happening to be just in the style that children like and understand, is so full of inaccuracies of fact that we wonder no subsequent edition has corrected them.

Another variety of books sprang up in the early part of this century; namely, the Sunday story, or religious fiction. Hannah More's Cheap Repository Tracts had long been almost alone, when Mrs. Sherwood, just before she went out to India, published a little tale called "Susan Gray," and after an absence of nearly twenty years came home and found it universally read and pirated. It is a short story of a village girl, who is apprenticed to a dress-maker, and shows great firmness in resisting the addresses of a young officer, backed by her wicked mistress. Finally she is driven to such straits that she runs away in a thunderstorm, reaches her native village, and dies of decline. One would not have thought this a very desirable story for children, but from its beginning with young girls, and from the religious talk therein contained, it was regarded as a Sunday study, and the peculiar prettiness of Mrs. Sherwood's writings rendered it a great favourite. The young women for whom it was primarily intended read it with great avidity, but we have our doubts whether it was beneficial; we suspect that the rank of Susan's lover gave it one charm in their eyes.

Mrs. Sherwood's writing is peculiar. Her descriptions of all that is pleasant to the young have a certain simplicity and earnestness of detail that go to the very heart's core, and some of her strangest episodes are told with a naïve straightforwardness, that may be either dry humour or the utter absence of it. Her "Stories on the Catechism," though about a little Mary, are cast in barracks in India; and her heroine, a sergeant's daughter, illustrates, or sees illustrated, the breach of the Commandments one after another, without mincing matters, while the lessons at the end of each chapter reflect the shifting opinions of a very untaught and conceited though pious mind. "The Fairchild Family" has more of her felicitous descriptions, and the gusto

with which she dwells on new dolls and little tea-drinkings with good old ladies earned fervent love for the book, not diminished by the absolutely sensational naughtiness of Henry, Lucy, and Emily, and the dreadful punishments they underwent. Their second part is even worse than most second parts, but their first is, we suspect, still dear to many. Mrs. Sherwood was first in the field of pious slaughter. "Henry and his Bearer," and the feminine counterpart, "Lucy and her Dhayé," were both Anglo-Indian children pining to convert their native attendant, and dying in the meantime. "Emma and her Nurse" follows in the same line, only the nurse-girl converts the child she waits on, and watches her death-bed; and a crowd of other tales of all sizes were so written as to touch a certain chord of sentiment never before appealed to in the same style, and inculcating a kind of Calvinistic piety. Mrs. Sherwood ranged all over the world, in all times. The poor Shepherd-Lord Clifford is brought in as an advanced Calvinist. Thanks to Lollardism, we have the "Vaudois Persecutions," and then again an Italian "Nun," whom at one time we used to admire unspeakably. No doubt Mrs. Sherwood was an effective writer, and a little discipline and real instruction would have raised her much higher. Her "Faithful Little Girl" is, we believe, her very best specimen, combining high aims, home truths, and a very beautiful and practical allegory, tenderly and well told and explained.

Her sister, Mrs. Cameron, shared her labours, and produced many nice little practical books. "The Polite Little Children" is one that ought to be brought to light again for its excellence. Mrs. Sherwood was the mother of two genera of books — the religious story of the poor and of the rich. The Religious Tract Society was soon spreading pious little tales of both classes far and wide — tales which inculcated sudden conversion, and very frequently ended in an early death, yet which still had a certain spirit and earnestness which made them attractive in spite of their sameness, and gained them a strong hold upon many minds. We would mention among the most really notable books of this school, "Anna Ross," the story of a little girl of nine years old, whose father is wounded at Waterloo, and who goes with her mother to nurse him. On arriving, their meeting with his funeral is described in a really touching manner. The mother, already much out of health, sinks under the shock, and Anna is to spend half a year with each of her guardian uncles in suc-

cession, and then to choose with which of them shall be her home. Her first six months are spent in a fashionable school-room at Edinburgh, with a disagreeable governess, and cross, frivolous cousins, and in an alternation of difficult lessons and stiff appearances in the drawing-room. The second period is passed in a manse among the mountains, with the kindest of uncles and aunts, and well-brought up cousins, all full of helpfulness and good nature, though of course without the luxuries of riches to which Anna had become accustomed. Then the choice is made, and Anna, of course, chooses the manse, where her return is celebrated by a most charmingly described succession of bonfires upon every hill, and we feel that she is perfectly happy, and rejoice with her. The weak point in the book seems to us to be that it is no sacrifice, but the reverse, for Anna to remain with the good uncle. The fine clothes, and driving in a curicle, and the hopes of future fortune are not by any means likely to counterbalance the charms of the free life of the moorland manse; and if the author means to make comparison of a worldly life with a religious one, she made the contrast stronger than it would necessarily have been. There was nothing to dazzle Anna at her Uncle Ross's school-room, nothing to repel her from her Uncle Murray's manse, but it may be well to leave children's sympathies enlisted against the gaiety which certainly is not sufficient for happiness.

Most of the tales of this kind are open to much graver objections. Without pausing to consider the doctrine they teach, the manner of it is undesirable, because obtrusive. Little children amaze their elders, and sometimes perfect strangers, by sudden inquiries whether they are Christians, or as to their personal love for God; they judge their superiors, and utter sentiments which are too apt to pass for practice; while the mixture of sentimentality with religion, the direful judgments brought on the unconverted, and the prominence given to feeling and conscious piety, are all undesirable. Moreover, when the Tract Society had pledged itself to introduce the central doctrine of the Christian Faith in every publication, of whatever size, it undertook what was not possible without frequent irreverence. Much was doubtless done towards establishing a high standard of purity of reading, and beguiling the hours of the Sunday that once were weary; but something was also done towards rendering habits frivolous, and promoting the notion that a tale interlarded with religious reflec-

tions is a religious study. Example is often very precious, and establishes a maxim better than many comments, but the maxim and its deep why and wherefore are apt to be smothered under the Ellens and Lucys who are meant to bring it into action.

The species has of late culminated in "Ministering Children," a book multiplied by thousands, owing to a certain pleasantness of practical detail in the early pages, running on into the mawkish sweetness and sentiment that is peculiarly acceptable to a certain stage of development in children and in nursery maids. The two American books, "The Wide Wide World" and "Queechy," have much the same claim to popularity—enhanced, however, by a real freshness and beauty of description in dealing with life in American farm-houses, and scenes in the depths of the forests. But these, as well as many more for which we have a much greater regard, have the very grave and really injurious effect of teaching little girls to expect a lover in any one who is good-natured to them. Nothing ought to be more rigidly avoided, for it fills the child with foolish expectations and dreams, which poison her simplicity of mind and her present enjoyment. It is true that many beautiful life-long attachments have dated from early childhood, but these must be spontaneous, not the effect of imitation. Nothing is prettier in real life, or in a story, than such affections, but we would entreat writers to withstand the temptation of representing them, and to recollect that though boys seldom are influenced by story-books, yet that girls are, and that theirs being the passive side, unable to take the initiative, is exactly that which it is most cruel to impress with vain aspirations. Fortunately, most healthily constituted children become weary of a story as soon as it touches upon the sentiment of love, but it is those who do like to dwell upon it, that should least be permitted what can be suggestive of application to themselves.

Belonging to this genus, yet rising above it by force of cleverness, is Miss Sinclair's "Holiday House," where the quaint naughtiness of the children, and their unrivalled power of getting into scrapes, is delightful,

and the conversation as amusing as it is improbable, being one continued succession of good things—perpetual rockets fired off impartially by Grandmother, Uncle, Nurse Crabtree, and naughty children, till we stand amazed at such a blaze of wittiness, and do not feel in the least prepared to find ourselves beside the ordinary stamp of pious death-bed. Miss Sinclair, however, deferred to a second part the novelish termination, and we defy any child to anticipate that Laura is there married to the converted Peter Gray. Indeed, the conclusion looks as if it had been written to please some youthful admirers of the original book.

Of course there are many more stories of this description than we have space to mention. It is a class that is generally given up to utter reprobation by the critical world, the very words, "a religious tale," being almost contemptuous. The real flaw, of course, is that the author, as the Providence of the book, can twist the narrative to point the moral, and sometimes does so unjustifiably, as in a story we dimly recollect where the white feathers of a riding-hat are one day envied, and shortly after are seen (we used to think they were the same) on their late owner's hearse. The principle of "Don't care came to a bad end" ought not to be too often followed out. But a "religious tale," overloaded with controversy, and with a forced moral, should be carefully distinguished from a tale constructed on a strong basis of religious principle, which attempts to give a picture of life as it really is seen by Christian eyes. The leader in such writing was Manzoni, whose "Promessi Sposi" has always seemed to us the type of the novel of the religious mind. It is, of course, not a book for mere children, and we would deprecate the reading of it merely by way of an Italian lesson, as there are long regions of desert in it that might deter a laborious reader, and we only mention it here as showing what the right sort of a religious tale may be; drawing out the poetry of all that is good, enlisting the sympathies on behalf of purity, faith, and forgiveness, and making vice hateful and despicable.

As an example of economy to be effected by engineering, we mention that a suspension-bridge, to be called the Cornwall Bridge, is to be built across the river Hudson, forty-two miles above New York. The total length will be 2409 feet, and the clear span 1600 feet. By this

bridge the railway from the mining districts of Pennsylvania will be connected with the New England States, and the New Englanders will save four shillings a ton on their yearly consumption of four million tons of coal.

Chambers' Journal.

From The Spectator.
THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

THERE seems to us no doubt at all, — from whichever point of view we approach the question, the Romanist or our own, — that the Œcumenical Council will form one of the great crises in the history of Christianity. Let us consider it, first, from the Romanist point of view. The genuine Roman Catholic says to himself, and, as it seems to us, very justly, that if he has a really infallible guidance at all in *theology*, he clearly has and must have a really infallible guidance in the *principles* at least of every sphere of human action and human knowledge, and that it is mere impious extravagance and wastefulness to ignore the enormous advantage which he thus possesses over other Churches. Consequently the genuine Roman Catholic thanks God for every evidence that his infallible guide is disposed to extend the sphere of human certainty by expounding the bearing of Roman Catholic theology on the various spheres of political, social, and intellectual life, into relation with which events have forced that theology. Hence he is thankful beyond measure for the promise of an Œcumenical Council which promises to lay down *ex cathedrâ* the relation of the only certain branch of knowledge to the uncertain, the relation of Catholic theology to the various schools of philosophy, the relation of Catholic theology to the novel aspects of physical science, the relation of Catholic theology to political axioms and political freedom, to social aspirations, to moral ideals, nay, to principles of art and taste, if it should but please the infallible organ of the Church to declare itself on subjects of comparative insignificance. It seems to us essential for Protestants to face the fact that Catholics really do look forward to any new declarations of their infallible Church with the same sort of feeling with which men of science grasp at a new extension of their knowledge of physical laws, — with eager hope of new light and progress. To the Roman Catholic the old declarations of the Church seem the only stable and unchanging grounds of certainty in a changeful and uncertain life, the points of departure from which to reason with confidence as men reason from facts, and not from theories; — and the new declarations of the Church seem to them the chief new instruments of progress, the new forces by which God vouchsafes to them new advantages in clearing up their own personal difficulties and regenerating the external world. What a great astronomer feels in looking forward to a total eclipse of the sun as a new oppor-

tunity for discovering the nature of the chromosphere which envelops it, or in anticipating the application of the principle of spectrum analysis to determine the nature of the "hydrogen cyclones" in the sun's spots, that the genuine Romanist feels when he looks forward to the new dogmatic decisions of his Infallible Church on the relation of his theology to scientific theories, to politics, to ethics, to taste. He believes that he is about to advance a step, to get into a clearer and more definite world of thought; that a problem or two of the highest difficulty, and hitherto of the most perplexing doubt, will be solved — that the solution of such problems will lay the foundations for the solution of more problems of the same sort — in a word that, so far from "losing freedom," which is our view of these advancing claims of the Holy See on human life, he will gain it in precisely the same manner, and for the same reasons for which we Protestants feel that we gain freedom when we discover (say) that cholera is due to the infiltration of our water with certain decomposing animal or vegetable substances, a discovery which, in one sense, diminishes our freedom by rendering us reluctant to drink water which we had drunk without hesitation before, but which increases it so far as it gives us a larger power of voluntarily avoiding disease. Just so a Roman Catholic will say that a new decision of the Church on philosophical principles or political practices *diminishes* his freedom, indeed, so far as it forbids him to do what he might before have done without sin, but *increases* it by enlarging his power of avoiding sin, and enhancing the clearness and steadiness of his intellectual view. Thus, when the Roman Catholic hears that the Œcumenical Council is very likely to deliberate and lay down the Catholic principle on such subjects as we are about to enumerate, he rejoices just as we should rejoice if we heard that a great intellectual philosopher had put a final end to the controversy as to the nature of conscience, or a great statesman had satisfied the reason of the country as to the justice of a great revolutionary measure, or a chemist determined satisfactorily the nature of the molecular laws involved in chemical affinities. The Church, it is said, on doubtful but apparently probable evidence, is likely to discuss and pronounce upon the issues raised in various controversies classified under the following heads: — "1. Pantheism, Naturalism, and Absolute Rationalism. 2. Modified Rationalism. 3. Indifferentism and Tolerance. 4. Socialism, Communism, Secret Societies, Bible Socie-

ties, and Clerical Liberal Societies. 5. Errors with respect to the Church and her Rights. 6. Errors with respect to Civil Society in itself, and in its relation to the Church. 7. Errors with respect to Natural and Christian Morals. 8. With respect to Christian Marriage. 9. With respect to the Sovereignty of the Roman Pope. 10. With respect to Modern Liberalism." Who can wonder that the true Catholic should exult in the hope of getting what he believes will be new points of absolute certainty on such difficult and complex questions as these?

On the other hand, the *hesitating* Catholics, and the whole world of convinced Protestants, look forward to new "infallible" decisions on such subjects with either dismay or an exultation of a precisely opposite source from the exultation felt by the genuine Roman Catholic. The dismay is felt by those Roman Catholics who, like the German Catholic memorialists of Trèves, retain their full belief, — or who *think* they retain their full belief — in the infallibility of their Church in theology, but who feel uncomfortably that it might be much easier for them to *lose* their belief on that head than to gain a belief in the power of the Church to decide upon the principles of other closely related subjects; and who look forward, therefore, to any attempt to push the decisions of the Church into new spheres of thought, as far more likely to shake their trust in the decisions of the past than to increase their trust in the decisions of the future. These memorialists accordingly object to having the Syllabus promulgated dogmatically, to having the Pope's infallibility proclaimed by acclamation, and to having the assumption in the flesh of the Virgin Mary declared an article of faith. What the memorialists want is, on the contrary, rather a retreat of the Church into a more modest sphere, than an extension of her authoritative declarations. They seem to be favourable to separation between Church and State, re-establishment of an independent and harmonious action between the laity and the clergy, a definite organization of the laity in relation to the ecclesiastical body, and a proper relationship between true believers and science. They would be glad to see diocesan, provincial, and national synods called with a view to the adjustment of such questions. But they definitely object to a General Council whose tendency, as they clearly see, would be to strain the faith of the Roman Catholic Church by demanding new acts of intellectual submission. The memorialists expressly call attention to the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* as an institu-

tion out of harmony with the age. They admit that the Church should guard the purity of her doctrine, but not, they think, by this childish means. It is an institution of ecclesiastical infancy, they assert, not one of mature life. It stands in the way of scientific progress, and draws down ridicule on the Church. Here, then, we see the attitude of those who still believe that they believe in the Roman Catholic theology, but have no confidence that the infallible principles involved in that theology can win for them new fields of certainty in the border lands between theology and the other regions of intellectual and moral life. They cannot believe that the Church is infallible as to its own infallibility. Infallible on theology it may be, but it is fallible as to the extent of its own infallibility. We should expect from these memorialists, that if the Church does advance, against their advice, into new fields of dogmatic decision, the effect upon them will be to shake their confidence in the infallibility of the old theology, rather than to increase it in the infallibility of the related philosophy and practice.

Finally, the genuine Protestants, who feel no belief at all in the theological infallibility of the Church, welcome the crucial experiment which the Church is, in their belief, about to make, no less than the genuine Roman Catholics. They hold that the greater the extension of the dogmatic assumptions of the Church to science, politics, social principles, history, ethics, taste, the speedier will be the conversion of the Catholics to a disbelief in infallibility altogether. They agree with the Trèves memorialists, but agree from the opposite point of view. They hold that the Church, if it did not condemn Galileo, at least dreaded and distrusted his speculations, and that every advance of physical science, from Galileo to Darwin, has been viewed with dismay by the Roman Catholic theologians, instead of with new confidence. They hold that its political system has notoriously broken down in Italy, and Spain, and Ireland, at least so far as earnestly discouraging all that is most characteristic of the last three centuries, and encouraging all that is most grudging towards the achievements of these centuries. They hold that in ethics the Roman Catholic Church has been formalist and legal, fettering spiritual liberty needlessly, and relaxing by its casuistry some of the highest restraints of the divine law (in relation, for instance, to veracity). They believe that, judging by *results*, in ethics, politics and science, it has proved alike a failure,

and that it needs only full and free "development" to bring that failure home to the minds of candid Catholics, however Conservative. They would see the power of the Roman Catholic Church stretched with satisfaction, because they believe, with the genuine Romanists, that if that power be not from God, stretching it will hasten its final rupture, and they are anxious that Romanists and Protestants alike should judge for themselves on so momentous a question. If the Church really gains by this enlargement of its assumptions in such an age as this, — well, that would be contrary to all their most intimate convictions, and would tend to prove their intimate convictions false. They are as hopeful as the earnest and logical Roman Catholic of the issue. What can be more promising to either side than a test of this magnitude in an age such as this? It is only the hesitating Roman Catholics, or the hesitating Protestants, who can dread the issue. The former apprehend, like the Catholic memorialists of Trèves, that they may be driven from their old faith more easily than led into new light. The latter apprehend, like certain timorous Anglicans, that the Church may

win so much by her audacity as to acquire a kind of absolute despotism over the whole of Roman Catholic life, and win a host of converts, if only by her courage. But those who heartily trust their own convictions on either side, do not believe a miracle can be wrought except by God. If Romanism really wins by invading thus boldly the sphere of progress which science and freedom have conquered painfully from the Church during near four centuries of conflict; the genuine Catholic and the genuine Protestant alike will regard it as a miracle, — the former in his behalf, the latter for his confusion. If Romanism loses, — loses disastrously, as we all confidently expect, — by this attempt to strain an already cracking cord, — it is certain that all the hesitating Romish Catholics and many of the more candid of the unhesitating Roman Catholics will recognize their grave error in thus kicking against the pricks of a Providence far more conspicuous and sure than any grounds on which they can possibly base a fallible belief in infallibility. It is only the tremblers on either side who have anything to fear, — who have not very much indeed to hope.

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL PHENOMENA OF PLANTS EXPLAINED PHYSICALLY. — Those who have paid any attention to the recent progress of physical research are aware that M. Becquerel has lately described some very remarkable phenomena, under the title of Electro-capillarity. Quite recently he has been applying these observations to physiology, and in the *Comptes-Rendus* for June 7 he attempts, by means of electro-physics to explain some of the functions of plants. His experiments on the tissues of plants, which he regards as made up of a number of electro-capillary couples, lead, he says, to the following results: — The stem of a dicotyledonous woody plant consists of two distinct parts, separated by a substance which is the principal element in growth, the outer part is the bark, the inner the wood. 2. The wood is formed of medullary rays, woody bundles, and of a cellular tissue called the pith, and of concentric layers; the bark likewise includes a fibrous and cellular element, only these parts are inverted; the parenchyma, which is analogous to the pith, occupies the outer part of the bark, while the pith is in the centre of the woody tissue. This inversion has electrical analogues. 3. In the wood one finds an electrical condition contrary to that of the layer which follows or which precedes it. 4. The central part, or pith, is always positively

electrified, in relation to the woody layers, and these are less and less positive as one approaches the bark. In the latter the conditions are reversed. M. Becquerel then describes a number of very interesting experiments tending to support his idea that the motion of the fluids of plants is due to phenomena of electro-capillarity.

Popular Science Review.

INFLUENCE OF ARTIFICIAL LIGHT IN DEVELOPING THE GREEN COLOUR OF PLANTS. — A paper demonstrating this was recently read before the French Imperial Society of Horticulture by M. Rivière. The following account of an experiment made by Ermens is quoted from a contemporary: — Having placed some roots of endive in one of the cellars where plants are preserved in winter, he found that, at a temperature of 21° C., they, in a few hours, yielded leaves about four inches long, but white. He then lighted gas in the cellar to see what would be the effect produced; and discovered that, under the influence of this artificial light, they turned green in the course of thirty hours.

Popular Science Review.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

A JAPANESE SERMON.*

[Translated by ALGERNON BERHAM MITFORD, Secretary to H. M.'s Legation in Japan.]

SERMONS in Japan are not delivered as part of a service on a special day of the week, but are preached in courses, the delivery occupying about a fortnight, two sermons being given each day. In a great many cases the preachers are itinerant priests, who go from town to town, and village to village, lecturing. The locale is usually the main hall of a temple, or the guest-room of the resident priest. The audiences are composed of old people who, finding themselves near their end, wish to make their peace with heaven, and young girls who attend, doubtless, with every intention of profiting, but forget, as soon as they get outside the door, everything they have heard within. There are, of course, no pews or benches. The congregation squat on the mats, the preacher being accommodated with a cushion at the upper end of the room. In front of him is a reading-desk, on which he lays his sermon, and he holds in his hand a fan with which, from time to time, he raps the desk to emphasize his delivery, and wake the slumbering. Between the two sermons occurs an interval of ten minutes, introduced by the priest, with the words, "Well, let's take a puff" (of tobacco).

The following sermon is by a preacher of the "Shingaku" sect, which professes to combine all that is excellent in Confucianism, Buddhism, and Shintôism. It maintains the original goodness of the human heart, and teaches that we have only to follow the dictates of the conscience implanted in us at our birth, in order to be right.

The text is taken from the Chinese Classical Books, just as we take ours from the Bible. Jokes, stories, and pointed applications to members of the congregation are as common in these sermons as dry, rigid formality is with us.

Moshi † says, "Benevolence is the heart of man, Righteousness is the path of man. How lamentable a thing is it to leave the path and go astray, to cast away the heart and not know where to seek for it."

The text is taken from the first chapter of *Kôshi* (Chin: *Kao Tsu*), in Moshi. Now this quality, which we call benevolence, has been the subject of commentaries by many teachers, but as these commen-

taries have been difficult of comprehension, they are too hard to enter the ears of women and children. It is of this benevolence that, using examples and illustrations, I mean to treat. A long time ago there lived at Kioto a great physician, called Imaoji — I forget his other name; he was a very famous man. Once upon a time a man, from a place called Kuramaguchi, advertized for sale a medicine which he had compounded against the cholera, and got Imaoji to write a puff for him. Imaoji, instead of calling the medicine in the puff a specific against the cholera, mis-spelt the word cholera, so as to make it simpler; when the man who had employed him went and taxed him with this, and asked him why he had done it so. He answered with a smile, "As Kuramaguchi is an approach to the capital from the country, the passers-by are but poor peasants and woodmen from the hills; if I had written 'cholera' at length, they would have been puzzled by it, so I wrote it in a simple way that should pass current with every one. Truth itself loses its value if people don't understand it. What does it signify how I spelt the word *cholera*, so long as the efficacy of the medicine is unimpaired?" Now was not that delightful? In the same way the doctrines of the sages are mere gibberish to women and children who cannot understand them. Now my sermons are not written for the learned. I address myself to farmers and tradesmen who, hard-pressed by their daily business, have no time for study; with the wish to make known to them the teachings of the sages, and carrying out the ideas of my teacher, I will make my meaning pretty plain by bringing forward examples and quaint stories. Thus, by blending together the doctrines of the Shinto, Buddhist, and other schools, we shall arrive at something near the true principle of things. Now positively, you must not laugh, if I introduce a light story now and then: levity is not my object, I only want to put things in a plain and easy manner.

Well, then, the quality which we call benevolence is, in fact, a perfection, and it is this perfection which Moshi spoke of as the heart of man. With this perfect heart men, in serving their parents, attain to filial piety; in serving their masters they attain to fidelity; and if they treat their wives, their brethren, and their friends, in the same spirit, then the principles of the five relations of life will harmonize without difficulty. As for putting perfection into practice, parents have the special duties of parents; children have the special duties of children; husbands have the special duties of hus-

* The Sermons of Kiu O, vol. I, sermon 3.

† Moshi, the Japanese pronunciation of the name of the Chinese Philosopher Meng Tsu, whom Europeans call Mencius.

bands; wives have the special duties of wives. It is when all these special duties are performed without a fault, that true benevolence is reached, and that again is the true heart of man.

For example, take this fan. Anyone who sees it knows it to be a fan; and knowing it to be a fan no one would think of using it to blow his nose in: the special use of a fan is for visits of ceremony, or else it is opened in order to raise a cooling breeze; it serves no other purpose. In the same way this reading-desk will not serve as a substitute for a shelf; again, it will not do instead of a pillow; so you see a reading-desk also has its special functions for which you must use it. So if you look at your parents in the light of your parents and treat them with filial piety, that is the special duty of children. That is true benevolence, that is the heart of man. Now although you may think that when I speak in this way, I am speaking of others and not of yourselves, believe me that the heart of every one of you is by nature pure benevolence. Now I am just taking down your hearts as a shopman does goods from his shelves, and pointing out the good and bad qualities of each: but if you will not lay what I say to your own accounts, but persist in thinking that it is all anybody's business but yours, all my labour will be lost.

Listen, you who answer your parents rudely and cause them to weep; you who bring grief and trouble on your masters; you who cause your husbands to fly into passions; you who cause your wives to mourn; you who hate your younger brothers and treat your elder brothers with contempt; you who sow sorrow broadcast over the world: what are you doing but blowing your noses in fans and using reading-desks as pillows? I don't mean to say that there are any such persons here; still there are plenty of them to be found—say in the back-streets of India for instance. Be so good as to mind what I have said.

Consider carefully; if a man is born with a naturally bad disposition, what a dreadful thing that is! Happily you and I were born with perfect hearts which we would not change for a thousand, no not for ten thousand pieces of gold: is not this something to be thankful for?

This perfect heart is called in my discourses "the original heart of man." It is true that benevolence is also called the original heart of man; still there is a slight difference between the two. However, as the inquiry into this difference would be tedious, it is sufficient for you to look upon this original heart of man as a perfect thing,

and you will fall into no error. It is true that I have not the honour of the personal acquaintance of everyone of you who are present; yet I know that your hearts are perfect. The proof of this is that if you say that which you ought not to say, or do that which you ought not to do, your hearts within you are in some mysterious way immediately conscious of wrong. When the man that has a perfect heart does that which is imperfect, it is because his heart has become warped and turned to evil. This law holds good for all mankind. What says the old song? "When the roaring waterfall is shivered by the night-storm the moonlight is reflected in each scattered drop." Although there is but one moon she suffices to illumine each little scattered drop! Wonderful are the laws of heaven! So the principle of benevolence, which is but one, illumines all the particles that make up mankind. Well then, the perfection of the human heart can be calculated to a nicety. So if we follow the impulses of our perfect heart, in whatever we undertake we shall perform our special duties, and filial piety and fidelity will come to us spontaneously. You see the doctrines of this school of philosophy are quickly learnt. If you once thoroughly understand this there will be no difference in your conduct, and that of a man who has studied a hundred years.

Therefore I pray you to follow the impulses of your natural heart. Place it before you as a teacher and study its precepts. Your heart is a convenient teacher to employ for there is no question of paying fees, and no need to go out in the heat of summer or the cold of winter to pay visits of ceremony to your master to inquire after his health. What admirable teaching this is by means of which you can learn filial piety and fidelity so easily! Still suspicions are apt to arise in men's minds about things that seem to be acquired too cheaply, but here you can buy a good thing cheap and spare yourselves the vexation of having paid an extravagant price for it. I repeat, follow the impulses of your hearts with all your might. In the *Chio yu*, the second of the Books of Confucius, it is certified beyond a doubt that the impulses of nature are the true paths to follow, therefore you may set to work in this direction with your minds at ease. Righteousness then is the true path, and righteousness is the avoidance of all that is imperfect. If a man avoids that which is imperfect there is no

* "The moon looks on many brooks,
The brooks see but one moon."—T. MOORE.

need to point out how dearly he will be beloved by all his fellows. Hence it is that the ancients have defined righteousness as that which ought to be, that which is fitting. If a man be a retainer it is good that he should perform his service to his lord with all his might. If a woman be married it is good that she should treat her parents-in-law with filial piety and her husband with reverence. For the rest, whatever is good, that is righteousness, and the true path of man.

The duty of man has been compared by the wise men of old to a high road. If you want to go to Yedo or to Nagasaki, if you want to go out to the front of the house or to the back of the house, if you wish to go into the next room or into some closet or other, there is a right road to each of these places; if you do not follow the right road, scrambling over the roofs of houses and through ditches, crossing mountains and desert places, you will be utterly lost and bewildered. In the same way if a man does that which is not good he is going astray from the high road. Filial piety in children, virtue in wives, truth among friends—but why enumerate all these things which are patent? All these are the right road and good; but to grieve parents, to anger husbands, to hate and to breed hate in others; these are all bad things, these are all the wrong road. To follow these is to plunge into rivers, to run upon thorns, to jump into ditches, and brings thousands upon ten thousands of disasters. It is true that if we do not pay great attention we shall not be able to follow the right road; fortunately we have heard by tradition the words of the learned Nakazawa Doni; I will tell you all about that in good time. It happened that once the learned Nakazawa went to preach at Ikeda in the province of Sesshu, and lodged with a rich family of the lower class. The master of the house, who was particularly fond of sermons, entertained the preacher hospitably, and summoned his daughter, a girl some fourteen or fifteen years old, to wait upon him at dinner. This young lady was not only very pretty but also had charming manners; so she arranged bouquets of flowers, and made tea, and played upon the harp, and laid herself out to please the learned man by singing songs. The preacher thanked her parents for all this and said, "Really, it must be a very difficult thing to educate a young lady up to such a pitch as this." The parents carried away by their feelings, replied: "Yes—when she is married she will hardly bring shame upon her husband's family. Besides what she did now she can

weave garlands of flowers round torches, and we had her taught to paint a little." And as they began to show a little conceit, the preacher said: "I am sure this is something quite out of the common run. Of course she knows how to rub the shoulders and loins, and has learnt the art of shampooing?" The master of the house bristled up at this, and answered: "I may be very poor, but I've not fallen so low as to let my daughter learn shampooing." The learned man smiling, replied: "I think you are making a mistake when you put yourself in a rage. No matter whether her family be rich or poor, when a woman is performing her duties in her husband's house she must look upon her husband's parents as her own. If her honoured father-in-law or mother-in-law falls ill, her being able to plait flowers, and paint pictures, and make tea, will be of no use in the sick-room. To shampoo her parents-in-law and nurse them affectionately, without employing either shampooer or servant-maid, is the right path of a daughter-in-law. Do you mean to say that your daughter has not yet learnt shampooing, an art which is essential to her following the right path of a wife? That is what I meant to ask just now. So useful a study is very important." At this the master of the house was ashamed, and blushing, made many apologies, as I have heard. Certainly the harp and guitar are very good things in their way, but to attend to nursing their parents is the right road for children. Lay this story to heart and consider attentively where the right road lies. People who live near haunts of pleasure become at last so fond of pleasure that they teach their daughters nothing but how to play on the harp and guitar, and train them up in the manners and ways of singing girls, but teach them nothing of their duties as daughters, and then very often they escape from their parents' watchfulness and elope. Nor is this the fault of the girls themselves, but the fault of the education which they have received from their parents. I do not mean to say that the harp and guitar and songs and dramas are useless things. If you listen attentively all our songs incite to virtue and condemn vice. In the song called "The Four Sleeves" for instance, there is the passage: "If people knew beforehand all the misery that it brings, there would be less going out with young ladies to look at the flowers at night." Please give your attention to this piece of poetry. This is the meaning of it. When a young man and a young lady set up a flirtation without the consent of their parents, they think that it will all be very

delightful, and find themselves very much deceived. If they knew what a sad and cruel world this is, they would not act as they do. The quotation is from a song of remorse. This sort of thing happens but too often in the world.

When a man marries a wife he thinks how happy he will be, and how pleasant it will be keeping house on his own account; but, before the bottom of the family kettle has been scorched black, he will be like a man learning to swim in a field, with his ideas all turned topsy-turvy,—and, contrary to all his expectations, he will find the pleasure of housekeeping to be all a delusion. Look at that woman there! Haunted by her cares, she takes no heed of her hair, or of her personal appearance. With her head all untidy, her apron tied round her as a girdle, with a baby twisted into the bosom of her dress, she carries some wretched bean-sauce which she has been out to buy. What sort of creature is this? This all comes of not listening to the warnings of parents, and of not waiting for the proper time, but rushing suddenly into housekeeping:—and who is to blame in the matter? Passion, which does not pause to reflect. A child of five or six years will never think of learning to play the guitar for its own pleasure. What a ten million times miserable thing it is when parents, making their little girls hug a great guitar, listen with pleasure to the poor little things playing on instruments big enough for them to climb upon, and squeaking out songs in their shrill treble voices. Now I must beg you to listen to me carefully. If you get confused and don't keep a sharp lookout, your children, brought up upon harp and guitar-playing, will be abandoning their parents, and running away secretly. Depend upon it, from all that is licentious and meretricious, something monstrous will come forth. The poet who wrote "The Four Sleeves," regarded it as the right path of instruction to convey a warning against vice. But the theatre, and dramas, and fashionable songs,—if the moral that they convey is missed,—are a very great mistake. Although you may think it very right and proper that a young lady should practice nothing but the harp and guitar until her marriage, I tell you that it is not so; for if she misses the moral of her songs and music, there is the danger of her falling in love with some man and eloping. While on this subject, I have an amusing story to tell you.

Once upon a time, a frog, who lived at Kioto, had long been desirous of going to see Osaka. One spring, having made up

his mind, he started off to see Osaka and all its famous places. By a series of hops on all fours he reached a temple opposite Nishi-no-Oka, and thence by the western road he arrived at Yamazaki, and began to ascend the mountain called Tenozan. Now it so happened that a frog from Osaka had determined to visit Kioto, and had also ascended Tenozan, and on the summit the two frogs met, made acquaintance, and told one another their intentions; so they began to complain about all the trouble they had gone through and had only arrived half way after all. If they went on to Osaka and Kioto their legs and loins would certainly not hold out: here was the famous mountain of Tenozan, from the top of which the whole of Kioto and Osaka could be seen: if they stood on tiptoe and stretched their backs and looked at the view, they would save themselves from stiff legs. Having come to this conclusion, they both stood up on tiptoe and looked about them; when the Kioto frog said, "Really, looking at the famous places of Osaka which I have heard so much about, they don't seem to me to differ a bit from Kioto. Instead of giving myself any further trouble to go on, I shall just return home." The Osaka frog, blinking with his eyes, said, with a contemptuous smile, "Well, I have heard a great deal of talk about this Kioto being as beautiful as the flowers, but it is just Osaka over again. We had better go home." And so the two frogs politely bowing to one another, hopped off home with an important swagger.

Now although this is a very funny little story, you will not understand the drift of it at once. The frogs thought that they were looking in front of them, but as when they stood up their eyes were in the back of their heads, each was looking at his native place all the while that he believed himself to be looking at the place he wished to go to. The frogs stared to any amount it is true, but then they did not take care that the object looked at was the right object, and so it was that they fell into error. Please listen attentively. A certain poet says, "Wonderful are the frogs! though they go on all fours in an attitude of humility, their eyes are always turned ambitiously upwards." A delightful poem! Men, although they say with their mouths, "Yes, yes. Your wishes shall be obeyed: certainly, certainly, you are perfectly right," are like frogs with their eyes turned upward. Vain fools, meddlers, ready to undertake any job, however much above their powers. That is what is called in the text "casting away your heart, and not know-

ing where to seek for it." Although these men profess to undertake any earthly thing, when it comes to the point leave them to themselves — they are unequal to the task: and if you tell them this, they answer, "By the labour of our own bodies we earn our money, and the food of our mouths is of our own getting. We are under obligations to no man. If we did not depend upon ourselves, how could we live in the world?" There are plenty of people who use these words "myself," and "my own," thoughtlessly and at random. How false is this belief that they profess! If there were no system of government by superiors, but an anarchy, then people who vaunt themselves and their own powers would not stand for a day. In the old days, at the time of the war at Ichino-tani, Minamoto no Yoshitsune* left Mikusa in the province of Tamba, and attacked Setsu. Overtaken by the night among the mountains, he knew not what road to follow: so he sent for his retainer, Benkei, of the temple called Musashi, and told him to light the "big torches" as they had agreed upon. Benkei received his orders and transmitted them to the troops, who immediately dispersed through all the valleys and set fire to the houses of the inhabitants, so that one and all blazed up, and, thanks to the light of this fire, they reached Ichino-tani, as the story goes. If you think attentively, you will see the allusion. Those who boast about *my* warehouse, *my* house, *my* farm, *my* daughter, *my* wife, hawking about this "*My*" of theirs like peddlers, — let there once come trouble and war in the world, and for their vaingloriousness they will be as helpless as turtles. Let them be thankful that peace is established throughout the world. The humane government reaches to every frontier: the officials of every department keep watch night and day: when a man sleeps under his roof at night, how can he say that it is thanks to himself that he stretches his limbs in slumber? You go your rounds to see that the shutters are closed, and the front door fast, and, having taken every precaution, you lay yourself down to rest in peace. And what a precaution after all! A board, four-tenths of an inch thick, planed down front and rear until it is only two-tenths of an inch thick. A fine precaution in very truth! A precaution which may be blown down with a breath. Do you suppose such a thing as that would frighten a thief from breaking in? This is the state of the case. Here

are men who, by the benevolence and virtue of their rulers, live in a delightful world, and yet, forgetting the mysterious Providence that watches over them, keep on singing their own praises. Selfish egoists! "My property amounts to five thousand ounces of silver. I may sleep with my eyes turned up, and eat and take my pleasure if I live, for five hundred or for seven hundred years. I have five warehouses and twenty-five houses. I hold other people's bills for fifteen hundred ounces of silver." And so he dances a fling* for joy, and has no fear lest poverty should come upon him for fifty or a hundred years. Minds like frogs with eyes in the middle of their backs! Foolhardy thoughts! A trusty castle of defence indeed! How little can it be depended upon! And when such men are sleeping quietly how can they tell that their houses may not be turned into those "big torches" we were talking about just now, or that a great earthquake will not be upheaved? Such are the chances of this fitful world!

With regard to the danger of over-confidence, I have a little tale to tell you. Be so good as to wake up from drowsiness and listen attentively. There is a certain powerful murex, the surzaye, with a very strong lid to its shell. Now this clam, if it hears that there is any danger astir, shuts up its shell from within with a loud noise, and thinks itself perfectly safe. One day a snapper and another fish, lost in envy at this, said: "What a strong castle this is of yours, Mr. Murex; when you shut up your lid from within, nobody can so much as point a finger at you. A capital figure you make, sir." When he heard this, the murex, stroking his beard, replied: "Well, gentlemen, although you are so good as to say so, it's nothing to boast of in the way of safety: still when I shut myself up thus, I do not feel much anxiety." And as he was speaking thus, with the pride that apes humility, there came the noise of a great splash, and the murex, shutting up his lid as quickly as possible, kept quite still, and thought to himself what in the world the noise could be. Could it be a net? Could it be a fish-hook? What a bore it was always having to keep such a sharp look-out! Were the snapper and the other fish caught? he wondered, and he felt quite anxious about them: however, at any rate *he* was safe. And so the time passed, and when he thought all was safe he stealthily opened his shell and slipped out his head, and looked all round him. There seemed to be

* Yoshitsune, a great warrior of the 12th century, younger brother to Yoritomo, the founder of the Shogunate.

* Literally, "A dance of the province Tosa."

something wrong, something with which he was not familiar. As he looked a little more carefully, lo and behold! there he was in a fishmonger's shop, with a card marked sixteen cash on his back! Poor shellfish! I think there are some people not unlike him to be found in China and India. How little self is to be depended upon! There is a moral poem which says: "It is easier to ascend to the cloudy heaven without a ladder than to depend entirely on oneself."

This is what is meant by the text, "If a man casts his heart from him he knows not where to seek for it." Think twice upon everything that you do. To take no care for the examination of that which relates to yourself, but to look only at that which concerns others, is to cast your heart from you. Casting your heart from you does not mean that your heart actually leaves you: what is meant is that you do not examine your own conscience. Nor must you think that what I have said upon this point of self-confidence applies only to wealth and riches. To rely on your talents, to rely on the services you have rendered, to rely on your cleverness, to rely on your judgment, to rely on your strength, to rely on your rank, and to think yourself secure in the possession of these, is to place yourself in the same category with the murex in the story. In all things examine your own consciences. The examination of your own hearts is above all essential.

Here the preacher leaves his place.

From The Spectator.
EQUALITY IN HEAVEN.

VERY few, indeed, of the popular notions about "Heaven,"—using that word as the popular synonyme for the future life, and not as the alternative to Hell,—will bear the most ordinary or momentary investigation. As a rule those notions are the merest condensations of widely diffused hopes, which hopes, again, are often the product of certain disgusts at circumstances which in this world cannot be removed. The notion, for example, that Heaven is perpetual peace, a place where "congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths ne'er shall end," a long or eternal rest, is the result of the weariness which all good men must feel of their never-ending struggle with the world, the flesh, and the devil, a hope no more in accordance either with reason or revelation than Hawthorne's, that he might be permitted a good long sleep of about two thousand

years as a siesta before he was set to work again. If the word Heaven has any meaning, it means a state of existence in which we shall do the Lord's work *more* perfectly than at present, in which we shall struggle more ardently against sin, and probably against misery (though that thought is subject to the rider that misery *may* be merely discipline), and certainly against ignorance of Him, all of which duties involve work, willing work or happy work, but still Work, and not Rest, which, again, is absolutely incompatible with the increased desire of the "regenerated" but still finite soul to know Him, the Infinite. The struggle up a mountain may be the happiest effort of our existence, but except by a perversion of words it cannot be called Rest. Nor are we able to perceive that at rest or at work the condition of the soul can be one of absolute and complete happiness. *A priori*, he only can be perfectly happy whose knowledge and whose power are synonymous, synchronous, and conterminous, because otherwise he must either make mistakes, or wait,—or be disappointed. But this cannot possibly be true of any finite being; and with regard to the especial finite being called man, there can be no solution of continuity, otherwise he is not an immortal being, or a being capable of a future life, but only a being who, like a wheat-grain, is capable of reproduction in a different stage. Increased, indeed, happiness may be, for us so increased that, in comparison, it may be called perfect, but absolutely perfect in any arithmetical sense it cannot be. If there is no solution of continuity, there must be memory, and with memory, regret, and with regret, shame, and with shame, suffering, however modified in degree by a clearer perception of the infinite purpose which, though regulating all things, has yet, as one great action in pursuit of that purpose, left human will in freedom. Again, there is the notion, most magnificent and productive of all the unproved ideas, perhaps greatest and most fruitful of all ideas proved or unproved, that we shall in Heaven "know God." How should we know God? That we shall know Him better may be conceded easily, for an inborn conviction tells us, even without revelation, that the flesh acts as a veil between us and the Maker, just as it acts, to use an unworthy simile, as a veil between many minds and absolute mathematical truth;—and that we shall know Him much better follows from the certainty that half the obscuring influences will have in another world no place, that, for example, as Southey sang, avarice could not continue even in hell,—“earthly that

passion of the earth;" but, nevertheless, the eternal truth will remain that He is infinite, we finite, that the finite, however near its comparative approximation, is still infinitely distant from the Infinite, that, though to use Paul's glorious simile, here "we see through a glass darkly,"—his "*glass*" was a sort of semi-translucent slag, not our artificial crystal,—and shall there see face to face, yet when we see even a human being face to face we do not, therefore, know its owner, may mistake him, always fail to know more than a fraction of him.

Of all the popular ideas of the future state, however, perhaps the most popular and the most erroneous is that expressed in the common saying, "We shall all be equal there." That saying is as old as Christianity; it appears in the Epistles, though St. Paul did not mean his words to bear so wide an interpretation; and it has for ages been one of the few grand consolations of the poor, the oppressed, and the suffering. We are not sure whether it has not exercised as great an influence as any of the incidental ideas of Christianity; whether it has not, for example, greatly contributed to mould the organization of all Churches, the Roman Catholic Church more especially, and to form the ideal of all social reformers outside as well as within the pale of belief. There is something in it which suits human nature,—the instinctive sense every man occasionally entertains of his own nothingness before the Almighty,—and also, perhaps,—one must speak frankly to speak truthfully,—the instinctive wickedness, or rather feebleness, of human nature, its incapacity of freeing itself wholly of jealousy, envy, self-consciousness, pride, the wish that the next world may reverse in some visible manner the unjust judgment of this. The contrast between the real and the apparent, between the relation of a man to men and his relation to the Omniscient, has struck all religious legislators, and we do not, therefore, wonder at the universal diffusion of the thought, and yet how little can it have to rest on! It is a certainty, if anything can be a certainty, that if Heaven or a future state exists at all, there can in it be no permanent solution of continuity, no change of identity; for if so, not only is the human period wasted—and God does not waste—but God's justice and mercy are alike rendered imperfect, and His glory dimmed. On what is styled the orthodox view, we should have the awful sight of a being condemned to torment without knowledge of the cause, out of what to him seems caprice; and on what seems to us the truer

view, we should have the equally awful sight of a being held back through eternity by influences which, being unconscious of them, he cannot overcome. Yet, if there be no solution of continuity, if the soul which is here is also there, how can there be equality in the next world? The soul cannot escape the influences which have modified it here. It may, no doubt, escape the passions, some of which at least are fleshy and depart with the flesh,—which latter may be lying in the British Museum, a subject for intellectual speculation,—but how be free of that portion of the effect of those passions which dwarfs or smirches, or, it may be, expands and elevates the soul? Avarice, for instance, is, if we agree with Southey, of all strong passions the one most directly earthy,—having in it less of *entrain* than lust, the most carnal of all,—and avarice can hardly continue in the next world; yet how can the effect of avarice, if it has modified the mind and soul, be lost, if there is no solution of continuity? Or how can the effect of a noble impulse, say that of self-sacrifice for the cause of God, be wholly taken away? If it is taken away, what use in virtue or in strife? And yet if it remain, where is the equality? Many, perhaps most of our readers, however, would acknowledge moral inequalities in Heaven, and a large section of them would rejoice in them, but in what way do they propose to get rid of inequalities of intellect and knowledge? The intellect must continue if continuity continues, and with intellect its inequalities, or Hodge becoming suddenly Newton or Newton Hodge, the freed soul ceases to be that either of Hodge or Newton. The smallest differences of culture, of knowledge, of those intellectual circumstances which create impulse, must have their effect, however small, and their effect much in the direction they had in this world, or otherwise the continuousness of the sense of moral responsibility, that is, of the fact of moral responsibility—for the sense is the fact, or an idiot would be responsible,—would, *pro tanto*, be weakened. No doubt, these differences would under the new light, seem so small as to be almost imperceptible,—though light, by the way, reveals rather than covers differences,—and no doubt, also, the differences there and the differences here would be judged by widely different laws, but still they would exist. To take the most visible, and, perhaps, the most important of all superficial distinctions among men, that which we call refinement, is that to be abrogated? Nine-tenths of it, probably, would be, as either artificial, or hypocritical, or the result of physical ten-

dencies; but the other tenth, which seems in this world to affect even the soul, and which certainly affects the moral nature, if only in the self-restraint it breeds, is that to disappear? How can it disappear without an erasure of the past, fatal *pro tanto* to the very idea of continuous responsibility? Infinitesimal, it may be; but still the infinitesimal is not the non-existent, and for so much there is in the earthly sense a grade in Heaven, a little step in the road towards the ideal by which John starts in advance of Thomas. Then there is the hunger to advance, to inquire, to accumulate new knowledge, is that to go? Is it possible, indeed easy, to conceive of a Bengalee who is a Christian up to the spiritual level of any Englishman, yet lacks this hunger entirely; is he the equal at first in Heaven of the man who, having all he has, has this besides, and having it, diverts its direction — as he would in the new light divert its direction — into a pursuit of the one object of Heaven, closer relation in all respects to the Divine? And if not the equal at first, why is he to be the equal at any time? Why is he, to speak in non-theological terms, to catch up the competitor as eager as himself, but less weighted?

Let us take the extreme case, for that, after all, though not the only way of arguing such speculations, is the only way of making such arguments large enough to be intelligible. The popular theory assumes that in the next world the ordinary idiot of Earlswood and Sir Isaac Newton, or, say, Melancthon, start fair. Why do they start fair? Surely if they do start fair, such a miracle has been wrought on one or other of them that there has been a virtual new creation as of a new being, disconnected either with the Idiot or Sir Isaac. Take any view of idiocy you please, that, for instance, it is the result of mere bodily malformation ending instantly with death — quite the most probable view — and still the loss of the life's experience of volition must, if life be continuous at all, and soul and mind related, have been a loss to the soul, leaving it behind as a child's might be left behind in the great race. The ground may be caught up quickly; but surely it is not caught up through the intervention of miracle, else why not similar miracle as to moral status, but through some process of spiritual education and slow enlightenment. The possibility of education must exist in Heaven, and the possibility of education involves *ex necessitate* inequality. Earthly position may be reversed; of course, in many cases, must be reversed, — one could not conceive, for example, of the

royal caste occupying any but a very low position in the new life, — but grades there must still be. The theory of equality is nothing but an effort to express the inexpressible — the distance which must exist between the highest creature and the Creator, a distance so great that all other distances beside it seem as the inequalities in fine sand. Still, no two grains of sand are of the same size.

From The Saturday Review, August 7.

HISTORY OF THE IRISH CHURCH BILL.

THE speech in which, on the 1st of March, Mr. Gladstone introduced his scheme for dealing with the Irish Church was allowed on all hands to have been one of the most effective pieces of Parliamentary exposition that have been known in recent years. It exhibited all the excellences of Mr. Gladstone's oratory in a high degree. It dealt luminously with complicated figures and provisions; it was earnest and solemn in due proportion to the greatness of the subject; and it was inspired with the consciousness, and inspired the belief, of success. Directly it was finished, it became evident that the main difficulties of the problem which the Cabinet had set itself to solve had been overcome. A proposal had been submitted to Parliament which was complete and coherent, all the parts of which hung together, and which, while founded on a broad, intelligible principle, was so framed as to conciliate a great number of important interests. In the language of Conservative critics, it was a wholesale piece of robbery, and at the same time a wholesale piece of bribery. The Church was to be left unfettered to form itself into a new body, and yet the State was to decide whether this body was sufficiently representative. By an arithmetical juggle the landlords were to be freed forever from the tithe-rent charge in forty-five, afterwards extended to fifty-two, years; the tenants were to get off a large portion of the county cess, and were to be enabled to get on easy terms the ownership of a small portion at least of Irish soil. Maynooth and the Presbyterians were to be handsomely provided for, and the British taxpayer was to be relieved of a burden of over seventy thousand a year. Even the disendowed Church, although it was to be really disendowed, which was the backbone of the Bill, was to keep all its Churches — the aversion of Protestants to the idea of the Catholics getting hold of

them being veiled under the fiction that they were unmarketable; and it was to get its glebe-houses for much less than their value, and to have all its private endowments since 1660. The surplus was to be spent in the amelioration of the lot of the afflicted, which was not objectionable in itself, and was calculated to please those who like a semi-religious halo to be thrown over confiscation. Such was the scheme—bold, coherent, and shrewd—that Mr. Gladstone proposed on the 1st of March, and such is the scheme that now, with very trifling modifications, has become the law of the land.

The Opposition were at once aware, from the confident tone of the Ministry and the majority, and from the favourable reception of the scheme by the public, that resistance in the Commons was next to useless; and Sir John Pakington immediately began to return public thanks to heaven that there was a House of Lords. Still the Conservative leaders very properly decided to contest the Second Reading, for they had denounced the Bill and its author too violently to be able to withdraw from the fight with honour. Accordingly, on the 18th of March Mr. Disraeli moved the rejection of the Bill, and a grand four nights' debate was begun, ending on the morning of the 24th in a majority of 118 for the Government. Mr. Disraeli surpassed himself in the oddity and wildness of his paradoxes. A considerable part of his speech was taken up with showing that there must be a religion of some sort somewhere, inasmuch as certain philosophers of his acquaintance owned that they neither did nor could know anything. From this basis he went on to show that there ought to be an Established Church everywhere, and that in Ireland, if the Established Church was pulled down, the clergy of all denominations would be dissatisfied, and then the landlords would not be pleased, and so the Church of England would be pulled down. His admirers explained that this was nonsense perhaps to the outward ear, but it was a very cunningly contrived sort of nonsense, as it was meant to show his party that he was with them, but not on any grounds they could understand, and so he was left free to take any line that might seem most promising. In striking contrast to this was the very telling and effective speech with which, on the fourth evening, Mr. Hardy closed the debate on behalf of the Opposition. It was a real, honest Tory speech, and put the Tory case in its true light. The Bill was part of a gigantic attempt to redress the grievances of Ireland; but Mr. Hardy

said the Irish had no grievances whatever. All that was wanted was to govern them vigorously, and then, if they lost all hope of political change, they would attend to their own business, and grow industrious and rich. This was Mr. Hardy's view, and it was a view very well worth considering, for there really was nothing between it and the adoption of the Bill. A Liberal Government and the Irish Church had become incompatible, and if the Bill had been rejected, there would have been no alternative but a Tory Government and more bayonets. During the course of the debate, Dr. Ball and the Irish Attorney-General established the high position which they maintained throughout all the debates on the Bill, and Mr. Bright overcame the House with one of those bursts of oratory, at once fervid and solemn, which place him above all other English speakers. But the speech which attracted the most eager curiosity and attention was that of Sir Roundell Palmer. What were the convictions for which the first advocate at the Bar had refused the Chancellorship was a secret worth knowing, and the Conservatives were anxious to learn how far they could rely on him as their champion. It turned out that his divergence from the Government was purely one of degree. He had no scruple whatever about disestablishment, and was quite ready to separate Church from State in Ireland. The Church ought also, he thought, to lose some of its endowments; but it ought to keep more than the Government was willing to leave it. Where the Protestants were few and poor, the money allotted to their spiritual benefit might, he thought, properly be taken from them; where they were many and rich, they should be allowed to keep what they had got. This was so entirely different a position from that which the Conservatives were engaged in defending, that the Government gained perhaps more than they lost by Sir Roundell Palmer's opposition; and the whole view was so little what might have been expected, that the Solicitor-General, who followed him, was quite taken aback, and made the feeblest and poorest speech uttered by any leading speaker during the debate. Mr. Gladstone's reply was in the highest degree effective, and had the ring and dash in it of a man who knew he was going to have a great success; while his peroration when he pointed to the clock hastening on to the dawn as the Irish Church to its end, was received with the admiration due to one of the most telling strokes of rhetorical art ever witnessed in the House of Commons.

After the Easter recess the House began to gallop through the clauses of the Bill. An irresistible majority backed up Mr. Gladstone in whatever he chose to say or not to say, to propose to reject, or to amend. So severe was the discipline of the Liberal party, so extreme its abnegation of self, so overpowering was the fear of being suspected of the least suspicion of a love for caves, that scarcely a single member of the majority dared to say a word lest he should be tainted with the reproach of having caused five minutes' delay. Debarred from speech, the Liberals, however, found some consolation in inarticulate sounds, and hooted at their opponents until they successfully drowned the wailings of lugubrious Protestantism. Under these provocations, a factious leader of Opposition might have found some excuse for taking advantage of the forms of the House to delay the progress of the Bill. But Mr. Disraeli showed himself anything but factious. He did his very best to help the Bill forward, and what he did facilitated the advance of the Bill as nothing else could have done. In the first place, he took the conduct of the amendments almost entirely into his own hands; and, in the next place, he proposed a mass of amendments in a block, which amounted to doing away altogether with the clauses for disendowment. A division or two showed that the House would not listen to the rival proposal, and then he withdrew from his opposition. A majority of 123 rejected his proposal that the Queen should still retain a shadow of her supremacy, although, if she did not retain this, Mr. Disraeli cheerfully predicted a total dissolution of all social and political ties. The feeble opposition thenceforth attempted was due to the isolated efforts of individuals; and although the majority sank to 86 on the difficult question as to the proper date from which to allow private endowments to be retained by the Church Body, yet it rose to 128 against Mr. Whalley's efforts to destroy the corporate existence of Maynooth, and to 126 against Sir George Jenkinson's attempt to throw the compensation for Maynooth on the Consolidated Fund. At length, on the 31st of May, the motion for the third reading came on; and although Mr. Disraeli, oblivious of what Lord Mayo said a year ago, invented the new paradox that Fenianism was utterly unimportant, and had no hold on the Irish, and that therefore the Bill was totally uncalled for, a majority of 114 sent the Bill to the Lords, after Mr. Gladstone had indulged in the parting pleasure of drawing a happy comparison between the lot which

by his amendments, Mr. Disraeli has tried to secure for the disendowed Church and that of the patriarch Job, who, after all his losses and troubles, found himself so much better off than he had ever been before.

The Bill was now remitted to the Peers, and at first it was supposed that no serious opposition would be offered to it. But, on June 5, Lord Derby and Lord Cairns announced their intention, at a meeting of Conservative peers, to throw out the Bill, if they could, on the Second Reading. The excitement, therefore, which attended the great debate in the Lords was intense, and opinion wavered from day to day as to what the result of the division would be. The debate began on Monday the 14th, and on the morning of Saturday the 19th the Second Reading was carried by a majority of 33. For a whole week England rang with the speeches of the leading peers, and the critics of the House of Lords whose ignorance took the form of supposing that the weakness of the Upper House lay in a want of speaking power, had to own they were quite wrong. Those, indeed, who supported the Bill altogether, and those who opposed it on the ordinary lay grounds, did not make any great mark. Lord Hatherley rose as much above the expectations of his profession as Lord Penzance fell below them, and Lord Granville showed to the full his usual art of putting unpleasant things pleasantly; but Lord Cairns was verbose without being powerful, and Lord Derby failed to gain any command over his hearers, except by a touching reference to his old age and his powerlessness to depart from his old ideas. The whole interest and force of the debate lay in the speeches of the bishops who were against the Bill, and in the speeches of those who, disagreeing from it more or less, were still in favour of passing the Second Reading. The bishops had an admirable opportunity for oratory, for they had a great topic to discuss, which was allowed to be exceedingly appropriate to them, while they had no kind of secular responsibility, and could leave to laymen the trivial and sublimary thought of the practical difficulties that must arise if the Bill was rejected. The Bishop of Derry made a smart and forcible speech from this high episcopal point of view, and the Bishop of Lichfield cheered and surprised his wearied hearers by reminiscences of New Zealand, by his suggestion that the Irish landlords should retire, like Maoris, from their holdings, and by asserting that, if this shocking Bill were carried, the Ecumenical Council at Rome ought to observe what noble things Protestants

could do. But the palm of oratory was universally accorded to the Bishop of Peterborough, who, if it be only conceded that the assembly he was addressing had nothing to do with practical life, made a speech in every way admirable. In a line less ambitious, but condescending to deal with facts, the speeches of some of those who supported the Second Reading without altogether approving of the Bill, and more especially of the Bishop of St. David's, of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and of Lord Salisbury, deserved and received the highest commendation; and that so many Conservative peers resisted the appeal of Lord Derby was in the main due to the authority of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who relieved them from the fear that they were deserting the Church, and to the stirring exhortation of Lord Salisbury not to depart wholly and irrevocably from the paths of common sense.

Both the Archbishop and Lord Salisbury based their advice in a great measure on the grand opportunity there would be of amending and improving the Bill if it once got into Committee. And the peers took the hint with the greatest readiness. The Ministry was utterly powerless, for it could only count about seventy supporters, and double that number were ready to support any amendment proposed by anybody. Lord Cairns, having been beaten in the division of the 19th, abdicated temporarily the leadership of his party, and the consequence was a reign of utter anarchy, every one who could think of any amendment calculated to do the Irish Church a good turn giving notice of his intention to move it. Under these most trying circumstances Lord Granville kept up his courage, and preserved an unruffled temper in a way beyond praise. But he could not prevent the Bill being entirely altered. The date from which disestablishment was to begin was thrown a year later: the existing Irish bishops were to continue to sit in the Lords; the ecclesiastical tax was not to be deducted from the computation of the value of annuities; the Church Body was to keep the Ulster glebes, and get its glebes and houses for nothing; commutation was to be effected at fourteen years' valuation; the destination of the surplus in general was to be kept open; and the Government was forced to offer half-a-million for the private endowments. The Lords spent much time in discussing whether they should provide glebes and houses for the Catholic and Presbyterian clergy. This proposal, however, which in itself had so much to recommend it, and which, to their honour, most of the leading

bishops supported, was first rejected by a considerable majority, and was then, at the last moment, only carried by a majority of seven after the Third Reading, when the proposal to preserve the seats of the Irish bishops was also wisely abandoned. The Bill thus came back to the Commons, with disestablishment secured, but with the whole scheme of disendowment entirely recast. Mr. Gladstone, on the 15th of July, made very short work of the amendments of the Lords, although he offered a tiny concession regarding curates, proposed to pay what he said he had discovered to be the true value of clerical lives, if the clergy would earn this curious bonus by eagerness in commutation, and threw out the startling suggestion that, although the interest of the surplus was to go to works of charity, the principal might be properly applied in furthering any secular schemes of Irish jobbing which the Government of the day might from time to time consider desirable. On the 20th of July the Lords had to consider how they should meet this very summary method of dealing with them and their amendments. Their indignation had been greatly increased by Mr. Gladstone having compared them to people in a balloon, which, although a very apt simile, and perhaps because it was felt to be only too apt a simile, hurt their feelings. They ventured to rebel, and a majority of seventy-eight declared against Government.

Lord Granville said he must consult his colleagues; everything looked tempestuous, and a collision between the Houses seemed unavoidable. But all of a sudden a god appeared out of a machine. Lord Cairns resumed the leadership of his party and entered into a private treaty with Lord Granville. The effect of this treaty was that the Lords should give way altogether and Mr. Gladstone's Bill should pass, but that one or two insignificant concessions should be made to cover their retreat. Something was to be given as a premium on commutation beyond the real value of clerical lives, the Church Body was to gain a trifling advantage in calculating the incomes of incumbents who have maintained curates, and, what was really useful and important, the power of dealing with the surplus was taken out of the hands of the Government of the day. When, on Thursday the 22nd, the Lords met expecting war, and bent on great resolves, they found that the whole thing had been what is technically called "squared," and they were so relieved that they all began to bless Lord Cairns for getting them out of the scrape. Mr. Gladstone on the next

day, with the utmost delight and alacrity, proposed to the triumphant Commons to ratify the treaty made by the Government, and in the joy of his heart even expressed his regret at having said that the Lords were like people up in a balloon. He could afford to say so much, having got all he wanted; and, to the relief of every one, the Speaker was able to announce on the following Monday that the Irish Church Bill had received the Royal assent.

From The Saturday Review, 7 August.
THE SENATUS CONSULTUM.

THE draft of the *Senatus Consultum* is very far from being a document which explains itself. Either from an injudicious devotion to brevity, or from a lingering dislike of concession which found pleasure in concealing even to the last how much has been really conceded, the text of several of the Articles is certainly open to more than one interpretation. Fortunately, however, the introductory statement of the MINISTER OF JUSTICE removes most, if not all, of these doubts. Viewed in the light of this commentary the new reforms will be seen to be very large indeed. To whatever use the EMPEROR may hope to turn Parliamentary institutions, he has made up his mind to concede them. This is evident from the very first Article of the *Senatus Consultum*. The *Corps Législatif* will have for the future the right of initiating laws. Hitherto, says M. DUVERGIER, the Chamber has had no means of indicating the legislation it thinks necessary for the country, except by suggesting amendments in Government Bills, or by interpellations "which from their nature only express the sentiments of the Assembly in an incomplete manner." The privilege of introducing Bills is now to be extended to individual Deputies, and it will be left to the Chamber to frame such rules as may be necessary to protect this liberty from abuse. The Second Article enunciates the dependence of the Ministers on the EMPEROR alone; but this phrase, in itself so ambiguous, is explained by the MINISTER OF JUSTICE to mean nothing more than that, as "in all constitutional countries, the chief of the State has solely the right to appoint and dismiss them." Contrary to general expectation, the much dreaded word "responsible" occurs in the text of the article, though without anything to determine to whom the responsibility will be rendered. Upon this point, however, M DUVERGIER's statement, if not quite as explicit as his

Liberal critics might have wished, contains a large share of truth. Ministerial responsibility results not so much from any precise words in a Constitution as from the presence of the Ministers in the Legislature, from the obligation laid upon them of justifying their acts before the representatives of the people, and from the right enjoyed by the latter of passing censure on their conduct. "The *Senatus Consultum* which declares Ministers responsible, which establishes the principle of deliberation in Council under the presidency of the EMPEROR, which opens to all of them access to the Chambers, which authorizes the order of the day with reasons assigned, incontestably gives the country the required guarantees." Whether these guarantees are really as incontestable as the MINISTER OF JUSTICE maintains, time alone can show. We are inclined, however, to believe that, when Ministerial responsibility has once been recognized in terms, the extent to which it will prevail in fact will mainly depend upon the degree of resolution displayed by the *Corps Législatif*. The Third Article allows Ministers to be members of the *Corps Législatif*, but the value of this reform is considerably lessened by the provision securing them free access to and right of audience in the Chamber, whether they are members of it or not. It is something, no doubt, that the EMPEROR can no longer excuse himself from appointing a popular Minister on the plea that he is constitutionally ineligible, but it would have been a greater gain if he had been precluded from appointing an unpopular one, by the difficulty of finding him a seat. The Seventh Article removes all restrictions from the right of interpellation, and permits the adoption of special orders of the day, which, by the reasons assigned for their adoption, become virtually votes of confidence or want of confidence. When, however, the simple order of the day has been rejected in favour of an order of the latter kind, the motion must if the Government demand it, be referred in the first instance to a Committee. The new procedure with regard to amendments, though it surrounds them with some tedious formalities, secures nevertheless to the *Corps Législatif* the essential right of ultimately pronouncing for or against them. Before an amendment can be considered, it must be laid before the Committee charged with the examination of the Bill, and also communicated to the Government. If the Government decline to accept it, the debate will be postponed until the opinion of the Council of State has been taken, but beyond this point the

Government will have no power of burking an inconvenient discussion. The concession to the Corps Législatif of the right of framing its own Standing Orders, and of electing its own officers, implies the abandonment by the EMPEROR of another means of hampering the action of the Chamber.

The Fifth Article gives some new and important powers to the Senate. The inconveniences which might result from the introduction into a Bill of provisions inconsistent either with the measure actually under consideration, or with the whole body of French law, require to be guarded against. This essentially moderating function is entrusted to the Senate. Hitherto the powers of the Upper Chamber have been limited to the adoption of a resolution assigning reasons for returning a Bill to the Corps Législatif. If, after a second discussion there, the Bill is again sent up in its original form, the Senate has at present no further power of opposing it, except in certain prescribed cases. So long as the Corps Législatif was denied the right of initiating laws, and the consent of the Council of State was required for the discussion of an amendment, these powers were found to answer all purposes. An Elective Chamber in which nothing can be proposed except by the Government, and nothing discussed except with the consent of the Government, is obviously not in want of any great array of external checks. The new privileges of the Corps Législatif render it necessary, in the opinion of the Government, to make the action of the Senate more direct. It will be empowered in future either to introduce amendments into the Bills submitted to it, and return the Bill so amended to the Corps Législatif, or it may reject a Bill altogether. This at least is the meaning attached by M. DUVERGIER to the clause, "The Senate may in any case, by a resolution setting forth its motives, object to a Bill becoming law." It is possible that in this Fifth Article the EMPEROR sees a loophole by which to escape from the full consequences of his other concessions. If an inconvenient Bill can be rejected by a Senate composed entirely of nominees of the Crown, a shield will still be interposed between the sovereign and the people. That it will be found to give much protection in practice may be reasonably doubted. M. DUVERGIER, indeed, speaks in sanguine terms of the serious influence to be exercised on the Corps Législatif by the "care-

fully matured" suggestions of the Senate, and of the respect which the contemplation of the Senators will inspire in the public, which is now for the first time to be admitted to be present at their debates. He forgets perhaps that familiarity does not always engender veneration, and that it was an ancestor of the modern Frenchman who first pulled a senator's beard.

After every allowance has been made for accidental or designed ambiguities, the *Senatus Consultum* is still the most momentous step the EMPEROR has taken since the 2nd of December, 1851. Whether he has persuaded himself into a belief in his own theory of the growing fitness of Frenchmen for political freedom, and is genuinely convinced that the edifice may at last be crowned without danger to its dynastic foundations, or relies on being able to keep the working of the new machinery under sufficient control, or argues that the Constitution of 1869 will be no more proof than that of 1848 against a well-planned *coup d'état*, or trusts to the violence of the Corps Législatif to bring its new privileges into discredit, or hopes that at the worst he can drag a foreign war across the track and so divert the Liberal Opposition from its proper object, or is simply weary and out of health, and has resigned himself to letting politics take their course, the fact that he has taken the step remains. There is scarcely any end to the alternative hypotheses suggested by the EMPEROR's gift; the only one which seems to be excluded is that he has given nothing. The promulgation of the *Senatus Consultum* is to all appearance a license to the country to govern itself. After seventeen years of tutelage, France is suddenly declared of age. Unhappily the sort of training she has undergone during her minority is hardly that which will most help her in the use of her new liberties. It is a common mistake with despotic rulers to assume that it needs nothing but the removal of the chain to restore the limb which has been fettered for half a generation to all its wonted powers. They too often find that disuse has paralysed its natural action, and given birth in place of it to a variety of abnormal and convulsive movements. This is the real danger against which a constitutional Empire will have to contend. If NAPOLEON III. expects to reap what he is sowing now, he must somehow hope to be excused from reaping what he has sown hitherto.

From The Economist, 7 August.
THE GRAVITY AND DIFFICULTY OF
AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

WE scarcely think that most Englishmen apprehend the full magnitude—the full importance perhaps for good, and the equal importance otherwise for evil—of the events now occurring in France. We have been so occupied with the Church which is falling across the Irish Channel, that we have not thought enough of the Empire which is falling across the English Channel. For it is not anything less, at least as far as can now be seen. By the “Empire,” we mean of course the sort of Government founded by force in 1852; a Government in which the Executive power is separate from the Legislative; in which the Executive is everything and the Legislative nothing; in which one single judgment decides everything, and one single will impels everything. In 1852, and for years afterwards, this Government was undoubtedly upon the whole popular with a great majority of the French people. It was not and could not be popular with the large towns, whose ideas it stopped; it was not and could not be popular with literary men whose career it arrested; but it was popular with the peasantry, for it assured them “peace and property,” which, so went the notion, great cities might assail and literature could not protect. But now this Government is become unpopular; a new generation has grown up, which wants something different, and will have something different. Persons who have not attended to the subject can have no notion how vexatious and even how stupid this despotism of necessity was. It was essentially a Government of innumerable restrictions enforced by innumerable persons. By its nature it had to follow the detail of men’s lives to see that such and such persons did not meet; that so and so did not conspire; that “this or that” was not printed. And this watching employs many eyes which would mistake what they saw, and many hands which would do just what they ought not. For example,—we mention the thing as an illustration only,—every now and then, four or five times a year perhaps, the *Economist* would be stopped. And this means a great deal. If the *Economist* would make a revolution, what would not make a revolution? If Frenchmen of business were so easily to be turned against the Emperor that they could not be trusted to read a paper not generally thought too stirring, written in a foreign language, full of figures, not always opposing the Imperial Government but often praising it, what then were they to

read? What would *not* set them against their Government? What did not need looking after? If such surveillance was necessary for grave things in English, what extreme care must not be necessary for light things in French? And what illustrates the matter more, the *seizing* clerk could not read English, or at least not read it quickly; so articles favourable to the Emperor would be stopped if the title looked odd or suspicious; at one time any article with “French despotism” in it was seized, no matter what followed, even though it were laudatory. This is but a specimen of the French administration,—and then comes the dilemma. A Government which interferes in such small things, and interferes so foolishly, cannot last; and, on the other hand, unless it interferes, it lets the hostile classes arrayed against it do as they like, and then it cannot last either.

But unfit as this Government is to endure, the difficulty of substituting for it a Parliamentary Government is very great. In the first place, a Parliamentary Government is of all others the Government which most requires to be made gradually, and which can least easily be made suddenly. The essence of it is that the Legislative Assembly, the elected Chamber, chooses the Executive Government. But who is the Chamber to choose? It can only have real confidence in those whom it really knows; and who are these? In this country they are those who have been long in Parliament, whose powers have been displayed, whose defects gauged, whose characters are known there. Mr. Gladstone was more than thirty years in Parliament before he was Premier; Lord Palmerston was fifty. But in a new country, or in a country long without Parliamentary Government, there cannot be any such well-known persons. The men from whom to choose a Cabinet fit to be trusted cannot be looked for in France now,—at least, though they may be there, we cannot hope to know *which* they are;—for the long years of trial, the “face to face” life of speech and action by which Parliament is able to discriminate good statesmen from bad ones, has not existed in France for many years. Parliamentary statesmen are products of slow growth, and in France they have not been planted.

It is true that under a Parliamentary constitution in some cases the nation in fact chooses the Premier, and not Parliament. Such was Cavour’s case. In the judgment of Italy he was so above every rival that the Italian Parliament did not really select him to be Premier; it only ratified the se-

lection the nation had made before. But then Cavour had done great things and headed a great struggle. He had had good means of making his name known; his ability had been tried. But in France of late years the Emperor's has been almost the only mind really felt—the only mind France has tested. M. Thiers, it is true, has an old name, but it is not a respected name. No one trusts his judgment; almost as few have confidence in his character. If an ingenious speech is wanted to split half-united parties or to explain the blunders of a faulty Minister, M. Thiers can supply it—is better at it probably than any man living, from natural disposition and long practice; but ingenious speeches do not make a great Minister. His name has long been known in France, but is connected with no great success. On the contrary, it is connected with the recollection of a great failure. He was one of the Ministers of the "Monarchy of July," which, whatever its merits or defects, did not please France, and which brought Parliaments to an end there. The one thing the new Parliament is said to have fixed is that M. Thiers shall not lead it.

This is the first great danger of France now—that it has to make "bricks without straw;" it has to begin a Parliamentary Government without a Premier or a Cabinet that Parliament knows. And there are plainly two others—one that the "Red" party is very strong, and that the "Red" party never wins, or, we should say, has never yet won. They have had momentary periods of power, but they have never yet established a coherent Parliamentary Government. Many of them indeed would despise a success so bounded. They have "socialist aims," more or less, and aim at a "re-organisation of society," and pending that, they scarcely care whether France is ruled by a sovereign or by a parliament. And there is besides a deep incompatibility between the "Red" character—the sort of character we mean which makes the Red Republicans and keeps them so—and Parliamentary Government. That Government lives by compromise; it cannot go on except by a sort of "give and take," in which all concede something and all lose something. But the "Red" character is incapable of compromise, and boasts that it is so. It prides itself on its "logic"—that is, on its bigoted adherence to a few abstract formulæ (got no one knows where) with all their consequences. Such men would have given up nothing if they had been in the position of the "Lords" lately, still less if they had been in that of the

Commons. They pull, and say they ought to pull, every rope of a constitution till it breaks. In consequence as yet the party has founded nothing, and is likely to found nothing. It has been, as Burke long since said, the "Vitruvius of ruin," but its constructions, its edifices, cannot be found.

Even if we forget that many "Reds" despise Parliaments, at best Parliamentary Government is about to be tried in France by new men and violent men, and it is tried in the face of an enemy. Constitutional Monarchy is a Government which the ancients would have deemed impossible. They would never have believed that a king would subject himself to an "invisible strait-waistcoat;" to have it said he could do everything and be content to do nothing; to have omnipotence in theory and nullity in practice. We do not yet know that out of England any set of kings will long do so. But if we know anything, we know that Louis Napoleon will not submit if he can help. Through his whole career he has said to the French people—"I will represent you, but a Parliament shall not represent you." He and his satellites have proved as they think a thousand times that Constitutional Monarchy is impossible in France, and that if possible, pernicious. At this moment we believe that the Emperor plays the "waiting game;" he trusts in the "errors of his enemies;" he believes that after the semblance of a trial Parliamentary Government will look impossible, and then France may hurry back to him again.

But we may be asked, why are you so anxious, if you only fear the Emperor's coming back again? We have the Emperor now, and know that though perhaps not good certainly he is bearable; we can endure him at any rate if there is nothing worse coming. But there may be something worse, for the Empire might be removed for a moment by violence and then rivetted by force for years. We might have a revolution and a counter-revolution, with all their blood and all their evils. And of course in that case the Empire would come back worse than it went; it would have wrongs to revenge, and it would be strong as the tide that bore it back. But this is not all, or the worst. A defeat of French Liberals is not their defeat only; it is a defeat of *all* Liberals. Throughout Europe for years free action and free thought were beaten and helpless because of the calamities of 1793, and the calamities of 1848. May Paris do us no such harm now, but rather may she do us much good.

From The Spectator.

THE "FRIENDS" AND THEIR MEETINGS.*

It is strange how little most people know of the principles and practice of the Society of Friends, and how much of what they think know they is pure misunderstanding. There are still many persons who believe that when a Quaker minister gets up to speak, he begins, in much trembling, by the announcement that the spirit is "moving" him. There are yet larger numbers who firmly believe that the sect is well-nigh extinct. They think so because the old Quaker dress is rarely seen in our midst; because the Friends no longer, as in the time when "Elia" was made aware of their "yearly meetings," "whiten the easterly streets of the metropolis like troops of the shining ones." And they imagine that a person cannot be a Quaker, in spirit and in deed, unless he wear the peculiar costume, and says the "thee" and "thou" of the early Friends. As a matter of fact, the meeting-houses are very rarely the scene of any grotesque exhibition; and the sect is not extinct. It is, on the contrary, very slightly *increasing* in numbers, or was so a year or two ago. There are now about thirteen thousand members; it is not a great strength; but the influence of the Friends is unusually large in proportion to their number. By position, intelligence, and a higher education, they stand out — as Unitarians do — from the mass of the sects. They have also been always noteworthy for rectitude of conduct; a high standard of social and personal morality. But their chiefest social excellence consists, perhaps, in the care they bestow on the education of the young. A Quaker, born a member of the Society, *cannot* be utterly ignorant; since, if his parents have not the means to teach him well, the Society takes care of him in a public school, where he may be maintained at a charge to his relatives that is almost nominal. Wealthier parents fit their sons and daughters, as far as they can be fitted by other people's efforts, to assume any position to which they may be called. Accomplishments are by no means disregarded; drawing and painting were yielded before Benjamin West became famous, music is now seriously studied, and dancing is not altogether unheard of.

"Then how can it be said that Quakers still exist?" it may be asked. The liberal Quaker of the present day would, we think, answer that the Christian principles of the

Society can be maintained along with much alteration of matters of detail; that it was not so much the Quakers' mission to uphold a formal eccentricity — though they *did* uphold that — as to bear witness to an essential truth. And, he might continue, that essential truth was urged in opposition to two very different influences. Meeting on the one hand the errors of Rome, or of the Sacerdotal party, the principles of Quakerism declared that no mortal power can come between God and the heart of man. Meeting on the other hand, the errors of Calvinism, it declared that God is the God of the race, and not of a favoured and limited coterie. Quakerism did the first — though probably with mistake, probably with exaggeration — by protesting against the *necessity* for any particular form of worship, and for any marked division between the people and their appointed ministers: the doctrine was that form is nothing, and spirit all; or, as Germany's greatest poet has declared, —

"Name ist Schall und Rauch,
Umnebelnd Himmel's Gluth."

It did the second — that is, protested against Calvinistic exclusiveness — by witnessing to the truth of that Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and claiming for the teaching of an indwelling Spirit an authority greater than that accorded to the letters of a Book.

This mission — which Fox fulfilled nobly, and Penn and Barclay, and a hundred others, supported valiantly, when persecuted by dominant Royalists, and dominant Puritans — may possibly be of no further service. If into the English Church, or into a healthy branch of it, there has been engrafted the truth for which — when not mixed with error — Quakerism contended, we know of no reason to regret the apparent inactivity of the Quaker body. They do not proselytize. And as men's systems "have their day, and cease to be," this sect may possibly soon share in the dissolution common to all. But the Quakers have been very far from useless. The truth to which they witnessed is not lost.

By means of a history of the London Friends' Meetings, the writers of a volume before us convey some interesting information as to the rise of the Society, its progress, and the development of its discipline. The records they have searched are, no doubt, exceedingly voluminous; and it might perhaps have been difficult to throw into better form the facts which they have gathered. But though the arrangement be not blameworthy, the style is open to criticism. A *précis* of this sort — for it is

* *London Friends' Meetings*. Compiled from Original Records and other Sources. By William Beck and T. Frederick Ball. London: F. Bowyer Kitchin, 1868.

chiefly a *précis*,—is not the place for a show of literary graces; but at all events it may display the sterner literary virtues: terseness, clearness and point. The description called "London in the days of Cromwell" is evidently a reminiscence of the great Whig historian's account of the London of Charles II. Upon their own ground the writers are more at home; they very fairly trace the Society's rise, and explain carefully the two-fold nature of the "yearly meetings,"—a gathering for worship, and an occasion for oversight and legislation. They call attention to the small number of direct "queries" sanctioned by George Fox, and to the large number of "advices" approved by him. They trace the circumstances under which "plainness of speech, behaviour, and apparel" was insisted on; dwell on Friends' sufferings under Cromwell and Charles II., and on their liberties under James II. and William III. To show the way in which the Friends regard the act of worship, we will quote from a passage, culled from an address issued in 1660:—

"And now, dear souls, mind your particular duties in meetings and solemn assemblies: come orderly in the fear of God: be not careless, nor wander. . . . Those who are brought to a

still pure waiting upon God in the spirit are come nearer to the Lord than words are. . . . Here is the true feeding in the spirit, and this is the end of all words and writings, to bring people to the eternal *living Word*. . . . And when your meeting is ended, do not look upon the service of God to be ended; but, dear friends, in all companies, at all times and seasons, so walk that ye may be examples of good unto all, and that God, over all, may be glorified."

It would be interesting to consider the position of Quakerism about thirty years ago, when the Society was divided in opinion upon one or two of the main doctrines of the Christian faith. Mr. F. D. Maurice, in an early volume, *Letters to a Member of the Society of Friends*, treated the subject with his usual insight and tolerance, and within the Quaker body it called forth quite a literature of its own. It would also be interesting to know something about the milder differences of opinion now existing amongst Friends; some of whom still uphold the principles of Barclay, while a large number tend—if we judge rightly—towards views more professedly "Evangelical." But Mr. Beck and Mr. Ball do not discuss this matter, and our space is at end.

THE WAY.

I.

I SAID, "O Guide, go forth:
I will follow Thee any whither."
And behold, as we went out over the earth,
It was all June together;
The sun steeped half the world in bliss,
And the shadows steeped the rest in quietness.
And I said, "I have heard of Thy way, O Lord,
How that it goeth dark through the dark,—
Fire and water, tumult and blood,
Woes to be suffered and foes withstood.
I have heard that the only way to the ark
Is over the flood!
"And now, O Lord, is this the way?
For, behold, I tread smooth paths to-day.
What if I loiter and fail to win?
But He said, "This is the way;
Walk ye therein."

II.

I spoke again, and said, "I have heard
That our joy-times here are quickly past,
That the smooth paths are not long to tread,
With smile of the sun and with song of the bird;
But, Lord, how long shall this last?"
"Not long," He said;
"And see thou follow me afterward."
Even at that moment I slipped and sank,
Slipped and stumbled down the bank,—

Down the bank to a path beneath,
Chill and dank as the shadow of death.
"Lord," I cried, "I have stumbled astray;
Lead me back, Lord, into Thy way!
Out of the pitfall, out of the gin,
Far from terror and safe from sin,
Hold Thou up my goings therein!"
But He said, "This is the way;
Walk ye therein."

III.

I went along in that shadow of death,
Going and weeping, under my breath,
And whispering said, "It was better with me—
Oh, better!—out on the sunny lea."
But He answered, "This is thy best,
That thou follow me here, and into my rest."

I said, "O Master, how shall I know
When my best is gladness or woe?
How shall I learn what Thy ways be?"

And He said, "Leave that to me.
Follow me only whither I go,
Through chilling shadow and scorching glow,
Through the desert dust and the battle din,
Till the goal be reached, and finished the test,
Till the sorrow is past, and the joy is best,—
Till I say, "This is my rest;
Enter herein."

Good Words.

B. B. B.

From The Spectator.
THE AUGUST METEORS.

A VERY ancient tradition prevails in the mountain districts which surround Mount Pelion, that during the night of the Feast of the Transfiguration (August 6) the heavens open, and lights, such as those which surround the altar during the solemn festivals of the Greek Church, appear in the midst of the opening. It has been thought by Quetelet, and Humboldt considered the opinion probable, that this tradition had its origin in the successive apparition of several well-marked displays of the August meteors. If this be so, the date of the shower has slowly shifted, — as that of the November shower is known to have done, — until now another holiday is associated with it, and the simple peasants of Southern Europe recognize in the falling stars of August the “fiery tears of good St. Lawrence the Martyr.”

It is wonderful to contemplate the change which in a few short years has come over all our views respecting these meteors. Ten years ago it was considered sufficiently daring to regard the August system as part of a zone of cosmical bodies travelling in an orbit as large perhaps as that of our own earth. Now, the distance even of Neptune seems small in comparison with that from which those bodies have come to us, which flash athwart our skies in momentary splendour, and then vanish for ever, dissipated into thinnest dust by the seemingly feeble resistance of our atmosphere. Accustomed to associate only such giant orbs as Saturn and Jupiter, Uranus and Neptune, with orbits which must be measured by hundreds of millions of miles, the astronomer sees with wonder these tiny and fragile bodies traversing paths yet vaster than those of the outer planets. And even more remarkable, perhaps, is the immensity of the period which the August shooting-star has occupied in circling around the central orb of our system. Each one of the bodies which will be seen next Tuesday has been in the neighbourhood of the earth's orbit many times before; yet the last visit made by them took place years before the birth of any person now living, since the period of meteoric revolution has been proved to be upwards of 118 years.

Another strange feature of the August meteor-system is the enormous volume of the space through which, even in our neighbourhood, the meteor-stratum extends. The famous November system is puny by comparison. Striking that system at a sharp angle, the earth traverses it in a few hours, so that if the earth went squarely through

it the passage would occupy, it has been estimated, less than a hundred minutes. Thus the depth of the November meteor-bed has been calculated to be but a hundred thousand miles or so. But the earth takes nearly three days in passing through the August meteor-system, although the passage is much more direct. For the August meteors come pouring down upon our earth almost from above, inasmuch that the radiant point on the heavens whence the shower seems to proceed is not very far from the North Pole; whereas the November meteors meet the earth almost full front, as a rain-storm blown by a head-wind drifts in the face of the traveller. Thus the depth of the August system has been estimated at three millions of miles; and this depth seems tolerably uniform, so that along the whole of that enormous range (to be counted, as we have said, by hundreds of millions of miles), through which the August ring extends, the system has a depth exceeding some four hundred times the diameter of the earth on which we live.

Yet it is probable that the whole weight of the August system, vast as are its dimensions, is infinitely less than that of many a hill upon the earth's surface. For the weight of the separate falling stars of the system has been determined (by one of the wondrously subtle applications of modern scientific processes) to be but a few ounces at the outside; and even during the most splendid exhibition of falling stars the bodies which seem to crowd our skies are many miles apart, while under ordinary circumstances thousands of miles separate the successively appearing meteors. Indeed, it was well remarked by an eminent member of the Greenwich corps of astronomers, that the planets tell us by the steadiness of their motions that they are swayed by no such attractions as heavily loaded meteor-systems would exert. “The weight of meteor-systems must be estimated by pounds and ounces, not by tons,” he remarked.

The spectroscope has taught us something of the constitution of those bodies, though they never reach the earth's surface. Professor Herschel, third in that line of astronomers which has done so much for science, has employed an August night or two in trying to find out what the August meteors are made of. With a spectroscope of ingenious device constructed by Mr. Browning, F.R.A.S., for the special purpose of seizing the light of these swiftly moving bodies, Professor Herschel was successful in analyzing seventeen meteors. The most interesting of his results is his

discovery that the yellow light of the August meteors is due to the presence of the metal sodium in combustion. This metal has a very striking and characteristic spectrum, consisting of two bright orange-yellow lines very close together; and this double line was unmistakably recognized in the spectrum of the August meteors. To use the words of the observer, "their condition" (when rendered visible to us by their combustion) "is exactly that of a flame of gas in a Bunsen's burner, freely charged with the vapour of burning sodium; or of the flame of a spirit lamp newly trimmed, and largely dosed with a supply of moistened salt."

It is strange to consider what becomes of all the sodium thus dispersed throughout the upper regions of air. There can be no doubt that in some form or other—mixed or in combination—it reaches the earth. The very air we breathe must at all times contain, in however minute a proportion, the cosmical dust thus brought to us from out the interplanetary spaces. Nay, for aught we know, purposes of the utmost importance in the economy of our earth, and largely affecting the welfare of the creatures which subsist upon its surface, may be subserved by this continual downpour of meteoric matter. We know already that the different meteor-systems are differently constituted. For instance, the

white November stars are much less rich in sodium than the yellow August ones. Each system, doubtless, has its special constitution, and thus the air we breathe is continually being dosed with different forms of metallic dust,—now one metal, now another, being added, with results in which, did we but know it, we are doubtless largely interested. Nor is it certain that deleterious results do not occasionally flow from an overdose of some of the elements contained in meteors. It might be plausibly maintained, on evidence drawn from known facts and dates, that occasionally a meteoric system has brought plague and pestilence with it. The "sweating sickness" even has been associated (though we admit, not very satisfactorily) with the 33-year returns of great displays of November shooting stars. Without insisting on such hypotheses as these, which scarcely rest on stronger evidence than the notion that the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah was brought about by an unusually heavy downfall of sodium-laden (that is, salt-laden) meteors, we may content ourselves by pointing out that the labours of eminent chemists have shown that the air is actually loaded at times with precisely such forms of metallic dust as the theories of astronomers respecting meteors would lead us to look for.

ANYBODY want a kingdom all for himself, twice as big as the Isle of Wight, with hills as high as Skiddaw, timber, fresh-water streams, beautiful climate, varying only from 38 deg. to 78 deg., and a soil that will grow anything? The *Telegraph* of Friday says there is such a kingdom to let, to be had of British Government for a moderate rent. It is the island of Auckland, 180 miles south of New Zealand, with no natives, and belonging to the Colonial Office, which some years ago leased it to Messrs. Enderby, who leased it again to a Company. The latter failed to pay the rent, and Government accordingly took possession again. No further assignment has been made, and if anybody wants to be a sort of king, and can get forty or fifty labourers together, Lord Granville will, we doubt not, make him Lessee, Government, and Parliament altogether. He ought to be rich enough to keep a steam yacht though, or he will be rather more secluded than if he kept a pike. If adventure is not wholly dead among us, that island will be taken up this year.

Spectator.

WHY TRUE CELLULAR PLANTS ARE ABSENT FROM THE COAL MEASURES. — In the extremely interesting and valuable lecture which Mr. W. Carruthers (an old contributor to these pages) delivered before the Royal Institution (April 16) the lecturer explained why we have no true cellular plants in the coal. The long-continued maceration, said Mr. Carruthers, to which the coal plants were subjected when the beds composed of the remains were forming on the surface of the earth, and the subsequent changes they have undergone, have reduced to one common structureless mass the varied vegetation of which the coal is composed. One of the first results of these operations would be the disappearance of the cellular plants which under the then existing very favourable conditions must have abounded; just as the soft cellular parts are almost destroyed of those specimens which have been so favourably situated as to have their vascular tissues preserved.

Popular Science Review.